

APRIL 1 — 7, 1978

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Eve's Weekly

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CHOOSING
YOUR
MARRIAGE
PARTNER:
Not As
Simple As
It Seems

TO BE
OR
NOT TO BE
FAITHFUL:
What The
Courts
Have
to Say



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Babycare

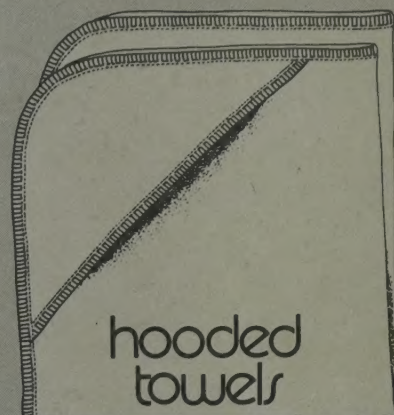
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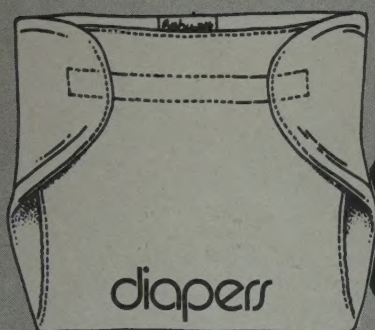
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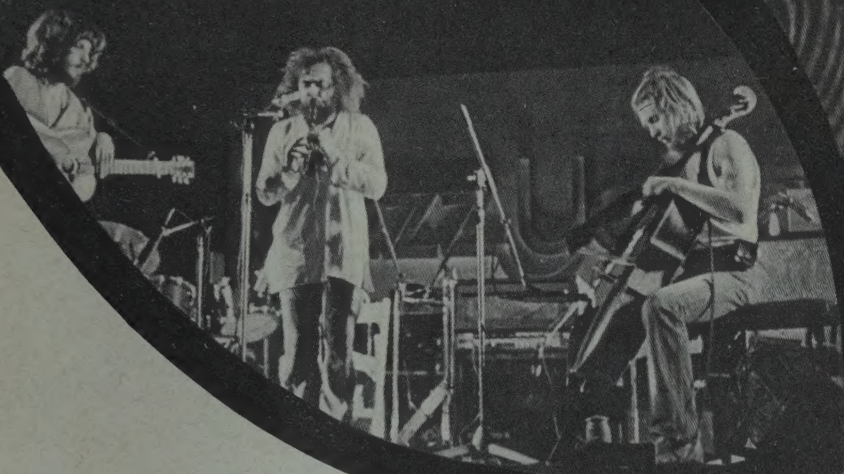
Meet the Chic
'Personality
of the Month'
Parveen Babi



A provocative
article
'Is the saree
out-moded?'



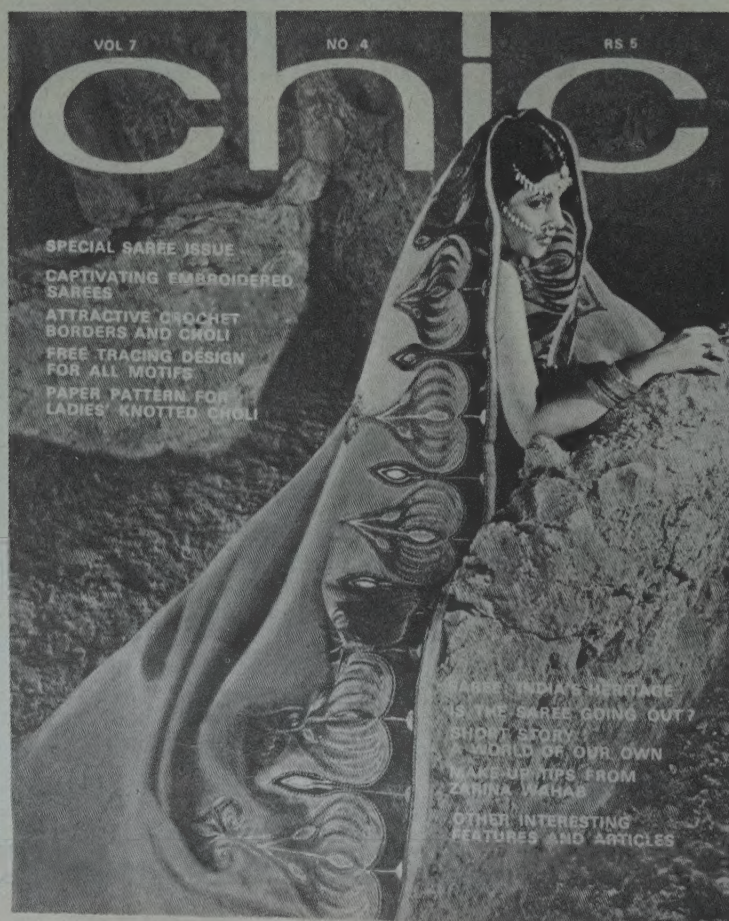
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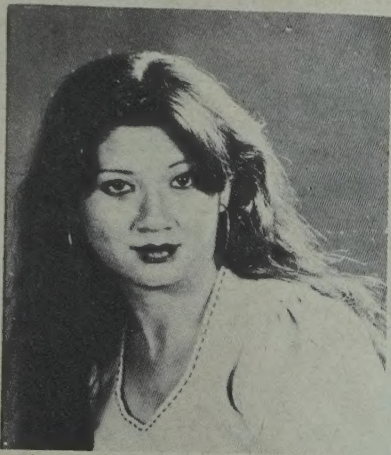
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MEENA RANEY

Young and pretty Meena is an effervescent teenager, just out of school, and at present studying in the first year B.Com in Smt. M. M. K. College, Bandra.

Meena was declared the runner-up at the beauty contest in the Fun-n-Fair at Savio Club, Matunga. "Wasn't I happy? This was my first experience of a contest and I was successful — it was such a pleasant surprise!"

A voracious reader, Meena loves reading thrillers and romantic English novels. She is fond of Western music and loves to dance.

"A girl should never marry before she is mature enough to shoulder the responsibilities of married life," she says.

Having lived in Bombay all her life, Meena enjoys travelling and visiting new places — the absolutely right penchant for an aspiring air-hostess.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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EXPLORING THE SOUTH

The South is still more or less virgin country for most tourists, Indian and foreign. Two travel writers took in much of Tamil Nadu and some of Kerala on an organised coach tour and their account of the trip suggests a good holiday idea.

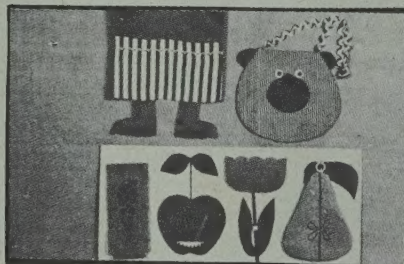
Page 13.



CHOOSING YOUR MARRIAGE PARTNER

The selection of a spouse is today far more complex than in days of yore when young people tended to accept their parents' choice without too much demur. With more and more young people demanding a greater say in the selection of a marriage partner, the process of selection is becoming more complex even in arranged marriages. The growth of individualism and the greater emancipation of women have also led to changes in priorities and standards. A seasoned marriage counsellor highlights some of the issues involved.

Page 8.



FROM SHEER WASTE!

Discarded material can come in handy and assume lovely shapes in the hands of someone with time, patience and, of course, the will. A colour feature showing what you can do with waste material.

Page 21.

FILM INTERVIEW

Zeenat Aman, the professional star, talks about her reputation as a plotter and planner.

The conclusion: planning, yes — but plotting, no.

Page 37.



INFIDELITY AND THE LAW

Adultery stands first among the various grounds for divorce recognised by law in India. It is also perhaps the one that gives rise to the maximum amount of bitterness and unpleasantness in cases of matrimonial litigation. A look into what courts have had to say on divorce cases based on allegations of marital infidelity.

Page 39.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page & Horoscope/7, People Known & Unknown/17, Short Story/18, True Confession/22, Fashion/24, Children's Page/27, Cookery/28, Comics/33, Beauty/35, What's New/41, Frankly Speaking/43, People & Events/44, World of Eve/45, Hi Ya Honey/46.

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1st prize

EQUAL UP!

Your recent article on "Women Pickpockets" has underscored the fact that anything men can do women can do better and this, alas, includes the area of crime. In fact women seem to be getting increasingly active in this domain, proving that if 'women criminals' as compared to their men counterparts are in a small minority' it is because of the passive role forced upon them until now. We have had the bitter experience of seeing a woman Prime Minister, gifted, capable and intelligent, shattering all our hopes and, what is worse, betraying the trust millions, and particularly women, placed in her. Now we hear of a woman diplomat attached to the United Nations, an organisation wedded to high principles, indulging in smuggling and a college girl in Madras, barely 17 years old, demanding a bribe of Rs. 45,000! The myth that women are less prone to corruption and deception has been exploded effectively and it is this that we have to keep in mind in our march towards freedom. While seeking equality with men, let us not equal their record in crime, corruption and cruelty.

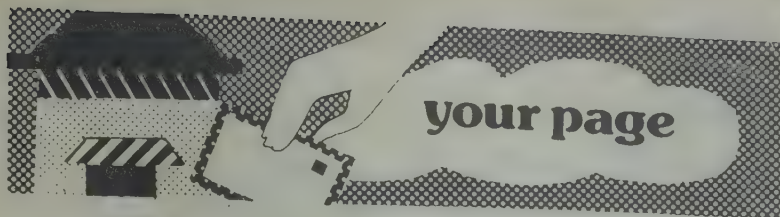
Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore.

Well, it has already been said that when full equality is attained, high-powered women executives will be prone to heart attacks, ulcers and baldness — just as much as the men. Taking it from there, it would seem just a short step to female crime and corruption. To remain sweet and coy and naive and yet be shoulder-to-shoulder with men, might be an impossible dream.

2nd prize

THE SHAME & THE DESPAIR

We, as a nation, are indisciplined cowards. All you have to do is to lift the



your page

Emergency — immediately, we display our monkey tricks and start wagging our tails. The plethora of illegal and inconsiderate strikes, gheraos, goondaism, railway accidents, students going on a rampage, hoarding and other unsocial activities all point to only one thing: we are indisciplined cowards who can be controlled only through fear. This state of affairs is most disgusting and makes one hang one's head in shame and despair. When are we going to prove that we are worthy of democracy? There can be no true independence without self-imposed discipline. When will we shed our cowardice and discipline and behave like mature citizens, not out of fear, but because of abiding faith in certain basic principles and values?

C. Raghunathan, Madras.

Discipline is the key word — and discipline seems to be sadly lacking in the national character. Like children, we have to be cajoled, reprimanded and coerced, at every step. The whole process of instilling discipline must start at the top with leaders in all areas — leaders at the Centre, leaders in the State, employers, parents and teachers. — helping to restore lost values.

3rd prize

DO YOUR OWN THING

An industrious friend of mine dispensed with her woman cook. She has now become an expert in the culinary art and is an excellent needlewoman. She sews beautiful clothes for herself and the children and also paints greeting cards. The result is she now earns pocket money to the tune of at least Rs. 150 per month. She has three small sons aged fourteen, ten and eight who have followed suit. During the summer holidays the eldest is a newspaper boy, the second supplies home delivery of foreign and inland letters, stamps, etc, to neighbours and friends, thereby making a profit. Her husband grows

vegetables — their garden produce sells like hot cakes and their spinach reaches almost every table.

Thus the whole family earns some extra income and I always see a smile on their faces. You see a little cash goes a long way in easing present-day economic problems.

Mrs. Malathi Rao, Bangalore.

Certainly does! And besides the extra cash there is the satisfaction of doing things with your own hands. The most admirable thing however is that by our own example we can inspire and encourage our children and get them to appreciate the dignity of labour.

DAY MOTHERS

It is reported that in West Germany working mothers entrust their children in the care of 'day mothers' when they go out to work. The children spend the whole day with the day mothers and spend their evenings and weekends with their parents. This system seems to be more satisfactory than sending the children to day nurseries which are overcrowded. Apart from this, the child does not get individual attention.

In the interest of the children who are the future citizens of the country, I suggest that we, too, should give a fair trial to this very sensible and practical German method.

L. V. Rao, Karnataka

Yes, a good idea and far better than leaving the children with servants. We are aware that some women have already started operating as day mothers and perhaps this activity, properly publicised, will increase its scope and usefulness.

MORE CASH, NOW

We have now increased the prize money for the three Best Letters to Rs. 25, Rs. 15 and Rs. 10.

We are, however, discontinuing the system of sending a complimentary copy to each writer.

this week for you

K. H. Shroff

For the week April 1—7, 1978.

ARIES (March 21—April 19) Do not expect quick results in any objectives. Do not procrastinate in matters that interest you. Absent-mindedness prevails. Favourable days: 2—3.

TAURUS (April 20—May 21) Vivacity prevails. Monetary gains promised. Stimulating week for artists, especially people connected with vocal music and entertainment. Favourable days: 4-5.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21) The planet of good fortune travels with you. You have success in most matters. Favourable days: 2—3.

CANCER (June 22 — July 22) Cancerians have many engagements. Social parties bring new contacts and revive old contacts. Material and social advantages prevail. Favourable days: 4-5.

LEO (July 23 — Aug. 23) Health care necessary. Avoid stress, strain and tension. Solve problems with diplomacy and dignity. Favourable days: 6—7.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) You can complete unfinished jobs. Not advisable to make new oral or written commitments. Favourable days: All days.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Response in matters that interest you are delayed, including in affairs of the heart. Favourable days: 2—3.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) A week of challenge to your status, including problems with spouse and partners. Silence and the dictum "Discretion is the better part of valour" will prove helpful. Favourable days: 4-5.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Do not gamble or take risks where money is concerned. It is certain that the end result will be good but not this week nor on schedule. Favourable days: 6-7.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Wonderful emotional and intellectual rapport on all fronts. The dictum "Patience is the mother of virtue" proves its worth. Favourable days: All days.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) You realize your ambitions and wishes. This is more likely in whatever you negotiate from home and in social functions. Be introspective. Favourable days: 2-3.

PISCES (Feb. 20 — March 20) Cosmic rays show increased income. Opportunity to buy estate or new residential home for your family and relatives. Auspicious week for any new commitments, especially in family affairs. Favourable days: All days.

TRADITIONAL SELECTION

In the traditional form of marriage, parents were expected to find partners for their children and the children were expected to accept the parents' choice. Young people in such families grew up confident that this choice would be wisely and competently made. A young man trusted his parents to find, when the time came, a respectable young lady with suitable qualifications and the proper background. He believed that the judgement of his parents, who had known so much more of marital and family life, was far more to be trusted than his own. In such cases, the girl married the family, rarely the individual, as the marriage was an agreement between two families rather than two young people. Marriage was not the outcome of "love," but rather "love" was the result of marriage.

Traditional marriage was based on the family's social and economic status, the boys and girl's characters and education, the family background. With such criteria, mate selection involved negotiation, hard bargaining, so that each family could enhance its own status by alliance with another family of good standing, and secure materially and socially a "good" match for their son or daughter. Marriage was thus based on such strategies rather than on individual choice. In achieving these ends, parents, astrologers, marriage-brokers and other go-betweens played an important role.

Traditionally "the girl married the family, rarely the individual... the marriage was an agreement between two families rather than two young people."

Today, however, the winds of social change have blown away these traditions. Under the influence of urbanisation and exposure to higher education, etc, there are significant and important changes in the pattern of marriage and family life. Young people, especially in the cities, want greater freedom from traditional, social and parental controls. Not that all of them mean to revolt against parental authority or approval. What many educated young people in urban areas are demanding is a greater say in the selection of their life partners.

CHANGING ATTITUDES TO ARRANGED MARRIAGES

It is difficult to state categorically the nature of mate selection today. Yet a trend is obvious — that educated young men and women will not continue to leave their marriages to the wishes of their elders, especially in the urban areas.

This point is proved by studies made in urban areas. In a study conducted by this author in Bombay in the mid 60s among college students and those out of college, 40.8 per cent of the students and 20.1 per cent of the non-students said that parents were capable of arranging a suitable partner: 35.2 per cent of the former and 59.7 per cent of the latter said that choice of the partner should be left to the individual concerned, 10 per cent of students and 9.8 per cent of non-students said that the choice of the mate should be made by parents in consultation with their children; or vice-versa.

CHOOSING YOUR MARRIAGE PARTNER

Starting a new monthly series highlighting the possibilities for further enrichment of marital relationships, MABEL FONSECA deals this month with the growing complexity of the process of choosing a spouse and the need for inter-generational cooperation and understanding

A study in 1977 by two Aligarh sociologists at the Aligarh Muslim University went still further. It showed that 90 per cent of the girls want the system of arranged marriage to be scrapped and still more revealing, they wanted the marriage to be a contract and not a permanent bond.

The girls' criteria for selecting the partner are radically different from those of their parents. 70 per cent of the parents take the family background, religion and caste as the basic considerations. But the girls give more weight to the education and personal characteristics of the partner. 34 per cent of the girls laid more emphasis on the personal characteristics of the partner rather than on his family background. 94 per cent of the girls felt that they should have a chance to see the bridegroom before the marriage is arranged. At present they are allowed to see or meet each other only after engagement. A few parents may allow this after some persuasion. But 80 per cent of the girls said that if their parents refused to allow them a greater say in the selection of their mate they would resort to civil marriage. Not only that, 80 per cent of the girls felt no hesitation in asking for separation if adjustment with the partner is not possible.

And yet we have parents who are heedless of this change. The other day a girl, Sadhana, came in tears to a counsellor to say that her father was forcing her to marry a young man in no way a suitable match for her. She was rich, pretty and a graduate; he had no personality, came from a very poor family and was still studying, according to her. But as he belonged to a particular sub-caste of a caste to which she belonged, her father wanted to compel her to marry the boy. Or she could search one on her own before the day he had fixed for the engagement which was a few days ahead. Sadhana had accepted the challenge!

Or take the case of Ramesh. He was forced by his father to marry Geeta because she was bringing a huge dowry. Now, he says, "We are so incompatible. Father is no more, and she is a milestone round my neck. It is impossible for us to like each other, but there we are, like two robots existing side by side."

The pressures, the pleadings and moral force used by the family elders have overpowered young men and women into marrying with no consideration to their own personal views or desires. Marriage in such cases has sometimes been successful, no doubt, if luckily the two people acquired the necessary compatibility; sometimes it has just been mutual co-existence, with patience, tolerance and sacrifice, because of economic necessity and the children. At other times it has been totally unsuccessful, a family living under the same roof with no rapport between its members.

DOES LOVE CONQUER ALL?

At the other extreme we see a growing incidence of love marriages.

What is this so-called love? Many a time one is asked to define it, and now it differs from infatuation. One of the most thrilling experiences of youth is "falling in love,"

"What many educated young people in urban areas are demanding is a greater say in the selection of their life partners."

which usually consists of a sudden physical and emotional attraction to a member of the opposite sex. Normally, this occurs many times before a boy or a girl is ready to choose a partner for life. In this experience, usually called "infatuation" the young person idealizes the other and endows him or her with traits and qualities which have little foundation in fact.

Sometimes it is just physical attraction and the "chemistry of love" which attracts the two opposite sexes almost instantaneously and overpoweringly, and we often term such immediate attraction as "love at first sight." This is almost always physical only. It is necessary for young people to understand their feelings and distinguish between

infatuation, which gives momentary pleasure, based mainly on physical attraction, and real love which has deeper roots and is likely to be more enduring and the basis for a lifelong relationship in marriage. Physical attraction is not enough to carry a marriage through life. It must develop into something deeper, more fundamental and much more meaningful to survive the impact of everyday life.

Young partners in love must make sure that they are conserving and developing this love, which normally will become deeper, stronger, richer from year to year, if it is genuine. However, not all love relationships, and thus love marriages, are actually the outgrowth of mutual love. Some are the results of cold-blooded calculation, convenience, boredom, fear of being left an "old maid," or any one of several reasons for entering matrimony. Therefore, it is evident that sometimes when the main target to which they have "hitched" their emotions—the target being money, position, handsomeness or beauty of the partner—the relationship dwindles as the target diminishes and love vanishes. Love therefore has to be unconditional. Some of the most unpromising engagements have actually turned out well due to the intelligence and determination of at least one of the partners.

"The pressures, pleadings and moral force used by family elders have overpowered young men and women into marrying with no consideration to their own views or desires."

LOVE OR INFATUATION

It is important for young people to realize the difference between love and infatuation.

The following are characteristics of love and infatuation drawn up by marriage counsellors.

1. Love takes time and grows, whereas infatuation comes suddenly.

2. Love comes after seeing a person in many situations, whereas infatuation may be "love at first sight."

3. Love is based on many traits and on the total personality of the other person, while infatuation is more likely to be based on a few traits such as physical appearance, athletic or social abilities.

4. Love idealizes the other person after checking the facts, whereas infatuation idealizes the other, ignoring reality.

5. Love involves genuine concern for the long-range welfare of the other and on what one can give, while infatuation is likely to be more self-centred and concerned with the pleasures of the immediate present and on what one can get.

6. Love is characterized by self-confidence and a sense of security and trust, whereas infatuation is often possessive, jealous, and may exhibit excessive day-dreaming.

7. Love faces problems and solves them and deals with barriers to marriage in a reasoned way, whereas infatuation brushes aside problems and barriers to marriage as if they were of no consequence.

HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE IN LOVE?

Like every other profoundly existential

reality, love cannot be defined and there is no workable definition of love. Young people frequently ask: "How do you know it's love?" Every young adult is asking, at least silently, the same thing: how can I be sure? How do I know this is the right person? How do I know I will be happy for life with this particular individual?

The love between a man and a woman is a many-splendoured thing. It starts strangely. Its growth or decline follows no rigid rules. Often the lovers know they are in

"If you ever want anyone to care for you as a person, you must show that you are a person in your own right."

love, but hardly can explain why or how.

Nevertheless, in the sophisticated modern world, persons need to make a decision about love which has some sort of reasonable basis to it. The more we know about love, about men and women, about the particular person we are in love with, the better prospect there is that the relationship of love is not superficial or ephemeral.

To come to a reasonable decision about marrying somebody the wondering young lovers can ask themselves the following questions which are meant as a simple aid. A positive answer to all these questions does not guarantee the presence of love or ensure matrimonial bliss, but it does indicate at least the beginnings of real love.

1. Could we live happily together? After we honestly examine ourselves, our good and bad qualities, our likes and dislikes, our similarities and differences, our backgrounds, our training, our hopes for the future, after we do all these things, does it seem we could live together with a minimum amount of tension and a maximum degree of harmony?

"In urban areas, the emancipation of women, without a corresponding emancipation of men, also makes modern selection difficult."

2. Do I have a genuine respect for the other person?

3. Do I tend to be thoughtful, considerate, unselfish in his or her presence? Love is self-giving. This question is absolutely essential and the pivotal one.

Love is caring. Caring for another involves many things, some of which are summarized below:

You enjoy each other. This means that you have a good time together. When you enjoy working together, participating in games, sharing interests, you have made a good start. Sharing real interests gives you a chance to enjoy the person.

You are concerned for the welfare of each other. Caring for another means that you are concerned mainly with what you can do for the other. This means that expression of love and affection shall not embarrass, or endanger the other's reputation

You have respect for the values and ethical standards of each other. You may argue and discuss your convictions. At some point you may try to persuade the other. But when you really care, you will not pressurise the other to act contrary to what he or she believes to be right.

You see the other primarily as a person. Caring for others means that you see them first as human beings, not primarily as attractive sex objects. Many such men are surprised to discover that the girl who seemed "all body" really has brains, intellectual interests, and deep concerns. Sexual expression can be fun, but even more satisfying can be the exploration of personality. Caring for another means becoming sensitive to each other's hopes, fears, aspirations, wishes, dreams and plans. If one really learns to care for another, one may find that this personal contact is the richest and most rewarding of all.

Perhaps the reason why some men think they do not like girls with brains is that they never really learnt to care for anyone. On the other hand, if one is the kind of girl who always conceals her serious interests and concerns from boys, one may limit oneself to the men who are always out for what they can get. If you ever want anyone to care for you as a person, you must show that you are a person in your own right.

Learning to care for another takes time. The attractive stranger may thrill you. First meetings can be lots of fun. But if your love is ever to amount to anything, you will not fall into, but must grow into it, little by little. You need to have a variety of opportunities together, so that the different facets of your personalities can become evident. And much more important than any dramatic experience of falling in love is the amount of hard work one is prepared to put into getting to know and understand the other person, and learn how to please him or her.

CRITERIA FOR MATE SELECTION

In choosing a partner, a far greater number of criteria have to be taken into account.

But a wise choice is half the battle. And this selection is based on varied criteria. Selection is often determined by feminine beauty and male charisma, i.e. male and female attractiveness generally, accompanied by good nature and charm, etc. Today an added qualification is the ability to earn and hence the educational qualifications of boys and girls are additional assets. General health, character, general behaviour and aptitude for domestic chores are other standards so far as the choice of conservative males are concerned.

A certain class of young women consider achievements, economic ability, occupational, intellectual and entertaining ability of men when making up their mind for a final choice. Males too, apart from physical attractiveness, look to domestic ability, affection and social ability, along with a desire for companionship, inter-personal understanding and appreciation

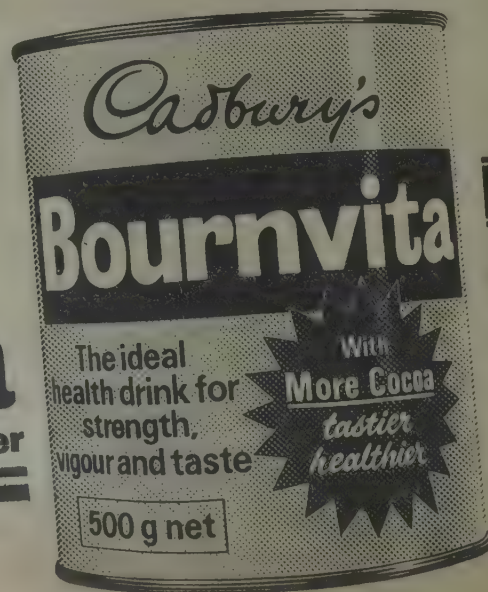
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CHOOSING YOUR MARRIAGE PARTNER

Often there is disparity of age, education, financial status, etc. We need not go into the details of problems arising from these as they have now and again been dealt with in these columns. But it is important to consider the attitudes necessary to overcome such disparities. Marriage is a school where two people must learn the difficult art of living together, and hence such disparities must not destroy or undermine a selection based on mutual trust, faith and expectation.

Besides these problems, today there is greater individualism and individuals assert their rights in a choice. The dilemma to combine the need for security with modern opportunities is also evident. On the other hand, there is the transition from the old to the new. The other day, in a Family Life Education class in a college, a young girl, growing under modern influences, but facing the orthodox mode of selection, expressed her personal frustration. She said a girl is admired and made to take a cup of tea and see the boy. The boy can ask questions about her, but she is supposed to keep silent. And then the boy has the final say in the choice. She has no say at all. She cannot even voice her feelings in the matter, even if she did not like him, nor do her parents or relatives give her a hearing. So what's to be done?

This transition is going on in many middle-class homes and it is not uncommon to hear of suicide when they cannot fight the odds. In rural areas and in conservative

"Social responsibility requires older people to help the young in their struggles and not to provoke them into defiance."

homes adjustments play a large part in selection, which is strictly arranged, but because of lack of education and of emancipation of women, it has not become a ground for revolt yet.

On the contrary, in urban areas, the emancipation of women, without a corresponding emancipation of men, also makes modern selection difficult. A man wants a "mod" girl, but wants her to be very traditional in her behaviour at home and outside, and there are constant differences over demands in their changing roles and expectations of each other.

ROLE OF PARENTS

Very often parents assert themselves in the choice of a partner for their son or daughter. At times they disapprove of a match only because the horoscopes do not match according to their expectations, even if the two concerned are not interested in such predestined designs.

This presentation will not survive for

shocks and psychosomatic symptoms over the choice of mate by their children. But this is being selfish and is not the right approach. They tend to think how well a daughter-in-law will fit into the house and look after them and not how well the two young people are suited to each other to live a happy life. It is better, once a boy and girl are very deeply in love, to let them have their way and be prepared for all consequences and responsibilities. Every marriage (arranged or otherwise) must entail some risk. Rather than have two people maladjusted and their home disrupted, and this is particularly harmful where in some communities they cannot ever sever an unhappy bondage, it is wiser to permit love marriages.

Social responsibility requires older people to help the young in their struggles and not to provoke them into defiance.

Quite a number of parents will have to catch up with the many social changes that have occurred during the last two decades or so; especially in the attitudes of the young in the urban areas. Faced with the growth in their children's sense of personal

or with well-chosen counsellors in schools or colleges, or other experienced people available to them. Marriage Preparation courses held in parishes or by organisations should encourage Engagement Encounters to help young couples and parents who will help the young, to understand marriage, its complexities and problems and thus strengthen the stability of marriages.

RESPONSIBILITY OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Today's youngsters must realise they can't eat the cake and have it too. They cannot enjoy the freedom of the present time without its corresponding new responsibilities. Nor can they ask for the traditional security of old times and also the modern freedom in choice.

Youngsters need to build up greater strength in themselves — of tolerance, sacrifice and adjustment to new roles and changing attitudes to life and living. These values need to play an important role in the future. The stability and commitment of modern marriages will revolve

"It has been said that the best way to make certain of a happy marriage is to marry the child of happy parents."

responsibility and individual freedom, parents will have to make the necessary adjustments in their ideas, attitudes and practices. Parents adjusting to the changing times will have to learn to respect, as well as give greater freedom of choice, to their grown up sons and daughters if they are to guide and groom their children for marriage, by preparing them as personalities well fortified to assume the new roles and demands of marriage.

Young people, on the other hand, must remember that parents are motivated by the desire for the happiness and best interests of their children. They may think that their parents are standing in the way of their happiness with their age-old prejudices and whims. But this is not true. Marriage counsellors state that disappointments and frustrations have often resulted when the wise views and guidance of parents have been disregarded.

Parental responsibilities are even greater today than in the days gone by. As the influence of the home is very great, parents will have to create a happy and healthy home environment, prepare their children for the responsibilities of marriage and family, encourage association and friendship with the right type of persons and help and guide their children to choose wisely.

It has been wisely said that the best way to make certain of a happy marriage is to marry the child of happy parents! And a wit once added this: "One must also be certain one is from a happy home oneself."

ROLE OF EDUCATORS

It is important for schools and colleges to help the young through Family Life Education programmes to build up positive values. Values of commitment, love, tolerance, sacrifice need to be emphasised, particularly because in most things we are influenced by a commercialised world where human values play little if not no part.

It is important for young people to get a chance to discuss their problems with people at home whose confidence they enjoy,

around these positive values.

As society becomes more urbanised and mobile, we see an increase in the number of transitory encounters with people, which, although superficial in one sense, involves an increasing exposure to different types of people from varied backgrounds.

And as society becomes more advanced, there is need for a greater variety of talents and specialisations. Such occupational differentiation leads to markedly differing life styles, to different attitudes and preferences. Inevitably, we come to accept and appreciate these differences. We can no longer expect everyone to behave in accordance with a single norm.

This cosmopolitanism is surely the wave of the future. We will be forced to accept and tolerate many different types of living and marital arrangements, perhaps developing and existing side by side. But whatever be the trend in selection, it should not weaken or endanger the stability of marriage and family life.

It would be appropriate to end on a note of caution as aptly expressed in the words of Dr. Paul Popenoe, renowned marriage counsellor, President and founder-member of the American Institute of Family Relations, California. Says he, "If you go into modern marriage with the idea that it is merely an experiment, that almost everyone fails, that you might as well try it and quit anytime you feel like it—if you go into marriage, or you go into anything, in that frame of mind, you will fail and you will deserve to fail."

"If you go into marriage with the feeling that it is the most important project you will ever undertake, that you will ever undertake, that you will exhaust all the resources of science and religion to make it a success and that you will let nothing but a catastrophe interfere with your success—if you go into anything with that frame of mind, you will succeed, and in marriage you will find the greatest happiness that human nature knows."

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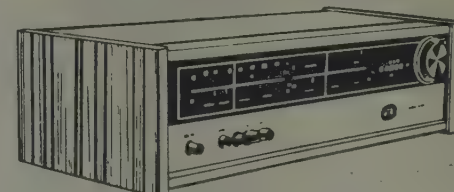
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IF IT'S SUNDAY, THIS MUST BE TRICHI

*This summer, explore the South.
A coach tour can make the
trip easy and fun*

Hugh & Colleen Gantzer



The Tanjore Temple with its vimana crowned with an 80-ton rock.

We would like to go back. We would like to return and see the metal workers at Tanjore, the sculptures at Chidambaram, and the horizon-spanning view from the high, golden rock of Tiruchi.

But more than the sights, we would like to meet the people again — the tufted little scholar in Srirangam, the fisherman and his sons at Rameshwaram, the grizzled old pilgrim at Nagoor whispering over his heads in the fragrant dark, the ascetic in Pondicherry, his face like fine parchment, the charcoal burner in the acid-green saree against the sere thorn-scrub of Tiruchendur...

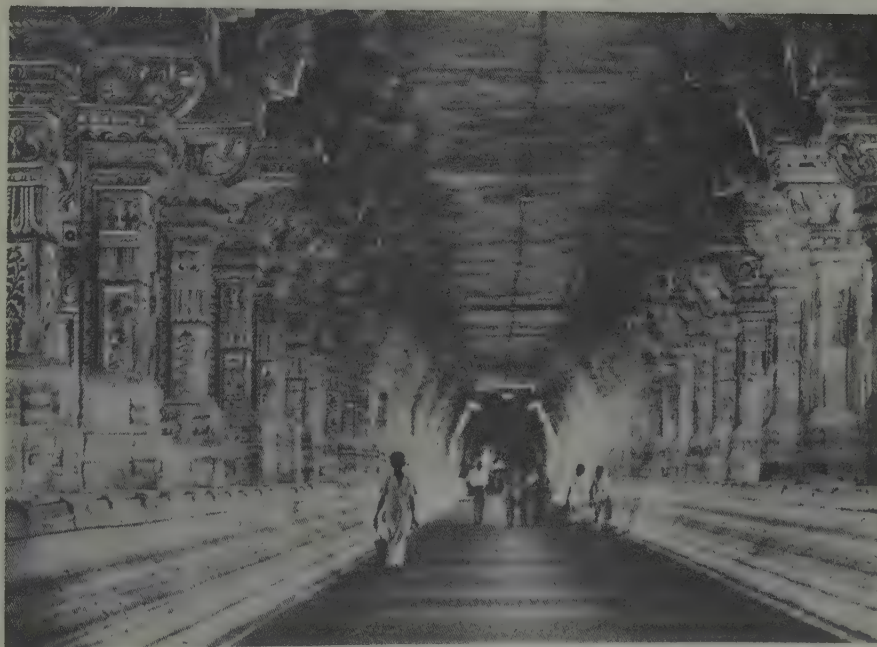
Kaleidoscope images, bright and fleeting. Someone humming "If it's Tuesday this must be Belgium. . ."

But it was Saturday and it was Madras: St. Thomas Mount on our left, Thambaram on our right, Kapaleeswarar temple receding in the distance. Ten days lay ahead of us: 19 places and 2,300 kilometres to cover from Madras to Kanyakumari and back.

We dozed against the high-backed seats while the coach fled through the morning, till

"Your attention, please! In a short while we shall be entering the Union Territory of Pondicherry. The population, according to the 1971 census is..."

High-walled streets spilling over with bougainvillea, shady avenues and in the distance, the tinsel-blue brightness of the sea. We tumbled out of the bus, ducked through a gate in a wall: orchids in bloom, a blue lotus in



The pillared corridor at Rameshwaram. Stone and metal sculpture is still a living art in South India.

a miniscule rock pond, men with deep set eyes sitting on benches.

"We will now pay our respects to the samadhi of Sri Aurobindo and the Mother. Please take off your shoes..."

We drifted away clutching our cameras. The street sights were familiar-unfamiliar: at the end of a Rue a mochi sat cobbling a tyre-soled shoe; a bell rang and the doors of an Ecole cascaded a flower bank of children; and above a long, tall building fluttered the red-white-and-blue tricolour...not quite an embassy but certainly more than a consulate in this determinedly Gallic land.

The coach horn hooted and we grabbed our cameras and tore down the street in pursuit of a policeman. We caught up with him, but he couldn't speak Hindi or English and we couldn't speak Tamil or French. But a passerby was multilingual and he gurgled in accents grave, acute and cedillas and so we get a photograph of the cycle, the uniform and the bright red pillar-box Kepi.

Church bells rang us out of Pondicherry and merged with the crash of the sea on the coastal road. The Tamils did not come from the sea. We remembered reading that their home

was the Mediterranean and they spread, during the long centuries of pre-history, across the brine-blighted plains of the Indus Valley, scattering when the horse-borne Aryans roared.

The red and yellow tongas snatched our thoughts back to the present and to the rising towers of Chidambaram.

Dating back to the 7th century Pallavas, the temple is dedicated to that archetypal temple sculpture: a Natraj. We were delighted at the retold story of the dance contest between Siva and the local goddess, Kalika Devi. The goddess matched the Lord step for step, pose for complicated pose, but when Siva raised his leg high above his head Kalika admitted defeat. A Germaine Greer chela was miffed by the tale but those were the days before go-go gyrations and Nadia poised in Olympic glory. We admired and wondered and got a last, fleeting, look at the stone bulls gazing timelessly at the gold-plate flashing in the evening sun.

Dawn lay saffron tracks as we left next morning. Our initial aloofness was eroding and we sent out probing smiles of welcome, responded to nods with warm delight.

The road swept back to the coast and we passed old Tranquebar where the Danish church still stands though the fort is a pile of black rocks in the scrub-covered distance. One by one, while the huge coach fled through hamlets we walked up to the mike and introduced ourselves to our companions and we learnt that we had amongst us an ad. exec. from Bombay, two brothers from Delhi, a girl from Malaysia and a Russian lady with green eyes named Helen and whose English strummed like a balalaika.

The domes and minarets of Nagoor reminded us of Tashkent, put an end to our in-flight entertainment. This was Islam of the perfumers the cap sellers, the dealers in pigeons and kites, the aromatic shops with grey-bearded men behind their Unani bottles and philtres and vials. In the marble-cool corridors, bright with sudden glass, heavy with incense, we had our heads blessed with peacock plumes before the metal door of the tomb of the holy Imam. Sacrificial hair lay drying in the sun and a child screamed as a barber shaved its head. This, we were told, is one of the most revered Muslim shrines in all India, and it is visited by people of all faiths.

Quite likely: the South is cool about such matters and Nagoor and Valankanni — our next port of call — have much in common. Both are stark white re-

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When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit. Otherwise, you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-ache—and also affect his growth.

If you give him Farex now, he will be better able to move to "grown up" food later on—and to chew and digest it properly.



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Before you give your baby *any* solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest easily.

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These then are some of the reasons why doctors say that, 3 months on, Farex is a must for your baby.

When should I start him on "grown up" foods?

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when he begins to accept "grown up" food. You can now give him fruit, vegetables, dal, eggs. But don't stop Farex. Your baby still needs its special goodness. So, till your baby is 3 years old, mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into all your recipes for baby.



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IF IT'S SUNDAY, THIS MUST BE TRICHI

ligious edifices, both are reputed centres of miraculous cures, both attract pilgrims of all religious beliefs. But the Christian Valankanni — the Lourdes of India — is better known than the Islamic Nagoor.

Back to the coach and heading inland now, away from the sea but clouds still cooled the sky and fat, flat, green fields gave way to the towering temples of the Cholas.

The Tanjore temple is unique. Its vimana rises to a mountainous 60.96 metres, is crowned with an 80-ton rock, and is regal with niches and carvings stretching all the way up its cliff-like sides. Staring at the massive serenity of the place we wondered at the odd coincidence of the word vimana. It means both celestial vehicle and the structure covering the residence of the deity. Shades of Eric von Daniken: did the gods really come from outer space, riding and residing in their vimanas?

Our dreams of flying chariots were shattered by the clashing, crystal chorus of a myriad birds. The Tanjore tourist bungalow, a former residence of a nawab, is alive with them and Philistine visitors have complained of their dawn carolling. We're strictly for the birds: may their voices never cease.

They sang us out of Tanjore: around the curve of Palk Bay and into the thumb of land at the tip of which sits Mandapam. We left our coach and stood on the single platform station where the shell engravers and the basket sellers pestered us and one of us played a conch with a pandit's eclat. The train was casual and decrepit and it clinkety-clacked over the rail bridge with weary determination. When it gasped to a stop, we piled into ekkas, adjusted ourselves for balance, and galloped out of the pilgrim-teeming station.

Rameshwaram is always alive but it rings with hope most at dawn and sunset. We watched the pilgrims bathe in the cool, light-touched sea and then followed them, wet and dripping, down the pillared corridors and into the cavernous depths of the temple. Legends swirl like smoke around the dark shrines and wet floors of Rameshwaram — of Rama and his quest for his Queen, and Hanuman, and the Sivalinga of sand made by Sita herself, and of the other called Kasi Vishwanatha

Ramanathaswami. And — can we forget it? — of the 22 theerthams or holy wells each of whose waters had a distinctive temperature and flavour though none of them is briny in spite of their proximity to the sea. One of our companions did the entire circuit, running from bath to bath, and then visiting a Nag shrine, seeking a typically Indian boon.

We await tidings of great joy, after a suitable period!

We beachcombed while an American couple communed with the sunset-gilded sea, and

walking down the inclined corridor behind a group of shaven-headed devotees, we crossed a patch of warm sand and walked down a flight of 34 steps. Here, there is a sulphurous and brackish well in which there is another, tiny well deeper than a standing man. The water in the little well is clear and sweet, to commemorate the planting of the lance of Shanmukha — another of the god's names — when he wanted to quench the thirst of his warriors.

When evening came, and the votive lights were lit and chants echoed in the flickering dark, we made our way back to our bungalow. The Russian girl looked over her shoulder and exclaimed.

wide and spreading like green crinolines.

The crinolines swayed to a waltzing breeze just before we reached the musical temple of Suchindram. There is no trace today of the great forest from which Suchindram arose but we saw a tree trunk, reputed to be 2,500 years old, and the Linga where Indra comes every midnight and worships till dawn. And, protected by iron bars and a locked gate, are the musical pillars — groups of long, organ-pipe-like columns, carved from single rocks. A temple guide played on one of the four clusters of pillars, striking them with the heels of his palms and producing the clear notes of the jaltarang. The other three, we were told, sound like the mridangam drum, the tambura and the sitar.

At the end of the corridor of the musical pillars a heroic statue of Hanuman stood, yellow with sandal paste. Spearing down to the end of India, the road mounted a rise and before us an ocean, a sea, and a stormy bay met at the surf-laced rock of Vivekananda.

Kanyakumari has the ambience of an Iberian sea resort, off-season. There is not very much to see and even less to do and the much-vaunted sunrises and sunsets often vanish behind a bank of obscuring clouds. But, yet, there is an atmosphere about the place that is pervasively peaceful as if we had, quite literally, left the world, and its cares behind. This is particularly so on the Vivekananda Memorial... beautifully designed, immaculately maintained... and when you stand on its southernmost terrace, and look out to the horizon-stretching sea, it feels like the foc'sle of a swift ship ploughing through the waters of eternity.

Lyricism, and flights of fancy, are another gift of Kanyakumari. Perhaps this is why her shrine attracts so many young women from Bengal. They probably see in the Virgin Spinster goddess — waiting bejewelled for her immortal lover — a personification of their own unexpressed yearnings. Most of these eastern kumaris, we were told, are damsels crossed in love. Oh, Calcutta!

Nostalgia washed through the night with the surf and crash of the sea and then we were driving through the dawn again. Tall palmyras, like proud Prussians, rigid and plumed, gave way to graceful, swaying coconut palms as we approached Kerala. Kovalam was old hat to us, with palm-shaded kudils and Charles Correa's cliff-hung hotel stacked like white dominoes up the hill. There was only one foreigner broiling herself on the beach, surrounded by our countrymen, all fully dressed, all en-

Continued on page 41

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then we beachcombed again next morning and watched a fisherman and his son launch their skiff into the molten-still waters of dawn.

Later, as we drove a tower arose. Tiruchendur: exquisitely carved, unpainted, rising above the golden sands of the Gulf. For the first time in our tour we saw the great spear of Muruga, heraldic on his gopuram. The north knows him as Kartik, son of Siva, handsome peacock-riding warrior. After

"But that spoils it! It spoils it!"

Burning on the gopuram, in blue and red, was the fluorescent-lit spear of Muruga. We recalled a ruby star over another shrine but held our coexistent tongues.

The spear still glowed next morning and the devotees still chanted when we drove down the scrub-bordered road, heading for the tip of India. Charcoal burners wove thorn-scrub sprigs into an intricate mound. Scrub gave way to cashew trees,

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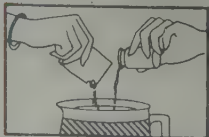


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people
known

John Kenneth Galbraith has reason to be pleased with himself. Only a few weeks ago the Paris-based Association for the Promotion of Humour in International Affairs presented him with a bust of himself showing him in a serious mood. This was a token of appreciation presented to the economist and author for "his contributions to the cause of humour in economics and foreign policy." Mr. Galbraith was the only recipient of a "nobel prize" from the organisation this year, the other three prizes awarded were "Booby prizes." The former Harvard economics professor, who effectively combined the role of diplomat with his talent for writing during his stint as Ambassador to India, was obviously pleased by the rendering of himself in stone. "There are many people in the world who would have thought one is enough, though I am not one of them," he remarked with wry humour, holding his likeness in his hands.

Twenty-two years of retirement from the world of films did not dim her talent. The first film she acted in since 1956, a documentary called "Children of Theatre Street" won **Princess Grace** of Monaco the Film Advisory Board's "Award of Excellence" plaque in Los Angeles, California, for her excellent performance.



Chances of Princess Grace remaining in the film world for very long are remote — this might have been a special gesture towards the unusual nature of this documentary film. But the fact remains that Hollywood, and the cinema world in general, would regret her return to inaccessibility. But the obligations of a royal wife and mother (and with Princess Caroline almost a bride, a mother-in-law, too) are many, and Princess Grace cannot be blamed if she does not "oblige" the

film world as often as it might like.

Finance Minister **H. M. Patel** has to his credit the most "novel" revenue budget that the Indian public has received. Besides it being the first Janata budget, it was also "different" in the optimism shown by Mr. Patel in his massive tax



effort and the risk he has taken in deficit financing to the tune of Rs. 1000 crores. However, Mr. Patel must have been disappointed if he expected unconditional praise for his proposals. While a few cautiously-worded comments called him "brave" and "offbeat" in his planning, the reaction of the lay man, especially the middle-class urbanite, was much the same as it is to every revenue budget — one of half anger and half dismay.

V. B. Singh has almost made a mission out of the task of tracking down the dreaded maneater "Pujari," now stalking the Garewal region. Mr. Singh, who is the Chief Wild Life Warden, has been doing his utmost to see that the animal is caught and killed. But neither the villagers of the region nor the District authorities are cooperating with him as well as they should. The villagers, for one, have till now refused to listen to his advice that they leave the mangled bodies of the maneater's victims where they are discovered, to help the forest authorities ascertain whether the animal returns to its kill or not. The district officials have, on the other hand, been issuing licences to "half-baked" shikaris, who have killed two innocent leopards already instead of the real culprit. But Mr. Singh is carrying on undeterred.

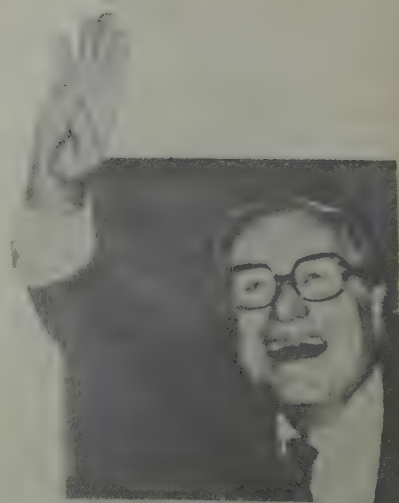
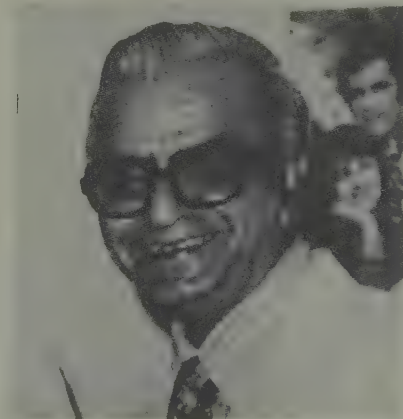
Bhagwan S. Gidwani's best seller, "The Sword of Tipu Sultan," is being made into a high-budget multi-lingual movie

both in English and Hindi, produced and directed by Sanjay Khan. Zeenat Aman, Sanjeev Kumar and Danny Denzongpa are expected to act in the new film. An international star (possibly Omar Sharif) is tipped for the role of Tipu Sultan. The screenplay is being undertaken by the Hollywood writer Marzbebetuny.

Tipu, maligned by historians as a cruel and bigoted ruler, emerges in Bhagwan S. Gidwani's "Sword of Tipu Sultan" as a humane, enlightened and patriotic ruler.

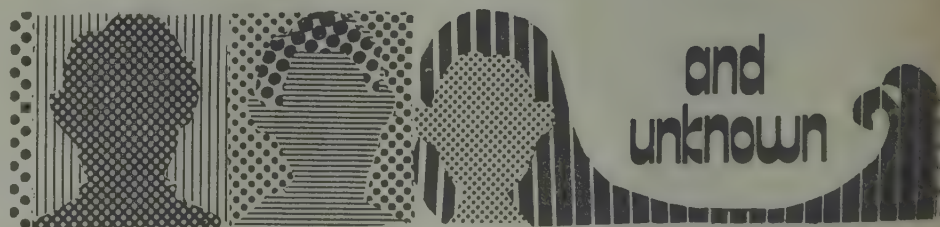
Bhagwan S. Gidwani's novel was first published in October, 1976 and six editions have come out during the first 18 months of its publication. The novel has been selected by the United States Library of Congress for its participating programmes and also by the Canadian Library Association. It is being translated into foreign and several Indian languages.

Bhagwan S. Gidwani is the Director General of Civil Aviation.



Former U.S. Vice President **Nelson Rockefeller** has decided to retire from politics, and popularise art instead. The main force of his new occupation will be making the public familiar with his private art collection, which includes the world's best collections of Chinese art, and large collections of African art as well as art from primitive and other societies. The "familiarisation" process will include the gifting away of a large part of the treasured creations to museums, partly because this will make them more accessible to the public and partly because "taxes on the works of art would be too high" for his family to pay in later years.

Mr. Rockefeller expects full cooperation from all concerned in his venture. He is hopeful that a series of five books will be written on the various aspects of his collection, and that reproductions will be made for sale.



and
unknown

Eighty-four days, one hour and sixteen minutes is a long time to be couped up in a narrow room, and when the narrow room is in the middle of nowhere in outer space, it makes the endurance test even more remarkable. Cosmonauts Yuri Romanenko and Georgy Grechko have justly earned credit for their record breaking space-stay aboard the Salyut-6 space station. They boarded the spacecrafter on December 11, 1977, and there has been no indication that their stay might be ending soon. At the rate they are going the two Soviet cosmonauts might soon establish a record which will be hard to beat at least in the near future.

Compiled by Sathya Saran

"How dare you!"

Sheila lifted her hand and swung it hard against her daughter's face. The slap resounded sharp and clear in the drawing room.

There was an eerie stillness in its echo. It was as if the four walls shook by its impact. The foundations of the house seemed to crack. Or was it the foundation of her life?

She stared blindly at the slim figure before her. Had she really struck her? Shaileen, her only light in the perpetual darkness round her soul.

"Mummy!" it was a cry of surprise and shock. A pleading denial that it had happened. Her beloved mother who had never raised a finger before!

"Why did you say it?" Sheila's voice sounded cold and harsh.

Shaileen felt her knees tremble. What had she said?

"You killed my father also."

She raised an unsteady hand and moved it over her short

dark hair. She felt confused and uncertain. Why had she said it? She loved her mother passionately and there had never been any doubt in her mind how her father had died. Yet she had uttered words which could never be erased from either of their minds. Had she subconsciously always harboured the doubt that what her mother had always told her might not be the complete truth?

Her mind whirled with so many unspoken questions, but what had hurt most was the sharp sting across her face. Had she deserved it?

"I don't know mummy. I really don't know. It just came out," Shaileen whispered.

"Ever since you have met Amar you have changed. I always told you he was not good for you."

"No mummy, you are wrong there. I like him. He is like scores of other boys who have taken me out. You are prejudiced against him. Why?" demanded Shaileen in a high voice.

The sceptre of the absent Amar stood solidly between them. Tall, slim, good looking in an undefinable way, he had been anathema to Sheila, from the first day Shaileen had brought him home. His casual air, his indifference to their wealth, his light hearted approach to life had struck a discordant note in their otherwise peaceful existence. Had he reminded her too much of the past?

"You know I have never liked him." They stood facing each other like antagonists.

"That is not enough reason. Why don't you like him?" The young voice sounded unconvincing.

"I don't have to give you a reason, Shaileen."

"Like you don't want to tell me why Daddy died."

A terrible silence hung over both of them. It was as if the thin veneer of civilization had been erased and only primitive passions remained — the will to kill.

"Shaileen," commanded Sheila in a loud voice.

"No, mummy. I am no longer a baby. I like Amar and I will marry him, if he will have me," she insisted.

"Have you no shame?"

"No, not where he is concerned. There is no pride before love."

"And you think he loves you?"

"Not think, mummy. He does."

"Are you sure it is not your

A MOTHER'S DILEMMA

Pramilla Bharat Singh



wealth? Every one knows you will inherit everything I possess. Which is a great deal." There was bitterness in her mother's voice.

"He would marry me even if I was a pauper. But he says it is a good thing I am not, because it would mean a more comfortable life for me."

Sheila pounced on the words. "See, he is already planning on your money. No man is worth his salt who does not mind living on his wife's benefits."

"What is the harm? After all, it is my money. Must I give it to a charitable institution just to satisfy a false ego? He is not going to live on my money. He earns enough for both of us."

"Just enough," sneered Sheila.

"So what? People live on much less. And Daddy also lived with you. It was you who were rich not he. This house, all the property we own, they are all yours. How did he reconcile himself to all this? Weren't you both happy?"

Shaileen knew it was a losing battle trying to convince her mother that Amar was good enough for her. Ever since that first day when she had brought him home, her mother had openly shown her dislike of him. Not that it had affected Amar. He had just shrugged his shoulders indifferently and said, "All mothers have complexes, especially those widowed young. Don't mind her, she will come round. I intend marrying you and no one can stop us."

Had her mother felt his indifference also? But she had never made him welcome. And time had not changed her attitude.

"Happiness is very transitory, Shaileen. It depends on what you weigh it with — money or morals. Our times were different," Sheila tried to explain. She did not want to discuss her married life with her daughter.

"No, mummy times are not different. It is our attitudes. You give me a good reason for not marrying Amar and I will consider it." There was firmness in Shaileen's tone.

"Even though you know it will make me unhappy?"

"Even though it may make you unhappy," Shaileen replied firmly.

"Think it over," Sheila persisted.

"I have thought over it mummy. It is you who have not given the matter enough consideration. Maybe you have never considered any one else's point of view before in your life. You have had to battle with life for both of us and for that you had to be strong. You were very young when Daddy died in that motor accident. I wish he were alive, then maybe he would have made you understand. You see, men have different values. Try and see Amar as he is mummy, not as you want to. That way there

may be happiness for all of us. And mummy," there was hesitation in Shaileen's voice, "I am sorry for what I said — about father. I have always loved and trusted you, and if you don't want to talk to me about Daddy, I do understand. It is after all your life and the past is dead." She moved slowly forward and kissed the lined face before shutting the door quietly behind her.

Sheila felt the stillness envelop her once more. She felt tired and old beyond her forty-two years. Can the past really be dead? What had Shaileen said?

They say children have long memories. Did Shaileen suspect that all had not been well with her parents?

"You killed my father also."

Had she killed Anil? How had he died? Why had he died? The questions a five-year-old had asked and been pacified by "he died in a motor accident." Seventeen years later the child had asked the same question and she had taken refuge in anger. Meaningless, pointless. Shaileen had not believed her. She was fighting for her happiness, no matter with what weapons, finding her mother an obstacle.

What could she say? Did she want to disillusion a child who prayed every night for her father's departed soul? How could she tell her that Amar was the exact replica of Anil? Her mind went down the years to the tall, handsome man who had been her husband. Only six years of married life and it was as if all the sufferings of the world had been her lot.

She had been the only issue of affluent parents who had her rather late in life but were happy that they had a child of their own at last. They had been charmed by Anil whom she had met at a party. Charming, happy go lucky, a budding architect, Anil had wooed her ardently and they were married six months later. A honeymoon in Kashmir and then life became a hard, even ugly reality. Anil refused to settle down to any job for any length of time. When she gently remonstrated with him, "Anil, now that our baby is due you must find a steady job."

He had replied, "What is your worry? We have enough money."

Hers not his. That was the difference, only he never thought so. What was hers was his.

It had hurt her but not deeply. He was a clever man and luck would favour him soon. Luck

had — only it had brought her more pain and disillusionment. The contract was big and the income steady. Anil seemed to have steadied down until she came to know the reason why. He was having an affair with the interior decorator.

"How could you!" she had accused him. "Don't you love me and what about our little daughter?"

Anil had laughed loudly. "Don't be silly. Of course I love you. Who ever told you is only creating mischief in our lives. And as for our little daughter,"

he had picked up the fair cuddlesome baby in his arms. "she loves me too much. How can her daddy do any wrong?"

The last straw had been when he had come home drunk. She had put Shaileen in the bed next to her and refused to open the door at his unsteady knock.

"Sheila, open the door."
Silence.

"All right. You keep the door closed and you will feel sorry all your life."

He had slept in Shaileen's room and in the nights to come it became a regular feature.

"Do you suppose you are the only woman in this world?" he had taunted her cruelly. "Ever since the day I have married you, I have regretted it."

"Then why don't you leave me?" she had asked quietly.

"And leave the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

Pride and fear of ridicule had made her present a normal marriage front to her friends and relatives. Had they known? Had they pitied her?

And then the fatal night.

"Anil, you are already drunk and it is raining outside. Why can't you behave like a normal man for once and stay at home? Shaileen is always asking for you. How many excuses must I make to her? She is five years now and will soon understand everything. At least for her sake try and bring normalcy to our life."

"If I stay behind, will you open your bedroom door to me?" Despite his heavy drinking his mind seemed suddenly clear.

She had hesitated only for a moment before replying, "No,

not tonight, but if you stay behind, tomorrow evening..." the words hung in the air.

"Tomorrow evening? Who knows what will happen tomorrow evening?" he had mocked her and driven out into the heavy downpour only to crash minutes later into a truck coming from the opposite direction. He had been driving on the wrong side of the road. There was nothing anybody could do.

Words — sympathetic consoling words. Neighbours, friends, her aged parents. How could anyone know that for her his death meant release? Life was no longer a shame and a nightmare, abuse, taunts, lies, broken promises.

Now she could raise her head and look at another woman in the eye. She no longer had to make excuses for his absences, for his neglect, his drunkenness. She had covered his death under a tale of tragic accident until today when Shaileen had torn it apart.

Did Shaileen suspect that all had not been well with her parents? Sometimes a five-year-old could be very perceptive. They said children had long memories. Should she tell her? Would she understand her mother's fear for her future? Or should she let her daughter's dreams remain intact? By shattering her faith in her father she might be doing irreparable harm.

"Oh God, what should I do? I only want to see her happy," she prayed. Sheila cried softly and she was surprised to see tears falling on her clenched hands. She had never cried since Anil's death. It seemed all her tears had drained off during his lifetime. Was it because she could not trust her own judgement?

"Mummy," soft hands wiped her face. "Mummy, you are crying." There was wonder in Shaileen's voice. "Did I hurt you so much?"

Hurriedly Sheila wiped her face.

"Come mummy," gently Shaileen pulled her mother up, "come and sleep with me. Tomorrow we will talk things over again."

Sheila stood stock still. What had Anil said, "Tomorrow? Who knows what it will bring?" Death. Sheila shuddered.

"Shaileen, I have been thinking over all you have told me about Amar. I may have misjudged him. Will you give me another chance to get to know him, then may be..."

"Mummy! You are the dearest mummy in the whole world. I am sure Daddy is also happy wherever he is. Oh, tomorrow is going to be such a wonderful day."

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Utility Items From Discarded Material



A host of unusual items—gay animal-shaped bags for a variety of uses, shopping bags, eye-catching bath mats, milk bottle covers and pin-cushions, attractive letter and magazine racks, pencil holders, a set of pretty boxes in graduated sizes with matching tissue paper box and lipstick stand—were recently on view at an exhibition in Bombay. These were all hand-made by Indu Jhunhunwala, a young and enterprising housewife from Kanpur.

Indu puts her leisure hours to good use. For about six months in a year she is at Majhauria, a far away village in Bihar, where her husband runs a sugar factory. "Being a small place with hardly any activity, I have plenty of time on my hands. I started making useful items for the house which came in handy to solve my gifts problem too," she said. They were so much appreciated that she held two exhibitions in Kanpur.

With a little imagination, patience and perseverance she has turned out useful knick-knacks—and all from discarded household items as you can see.



true confession

I want to forget that stormy night, when the course of my life changed for the worse. I don't blame Rahul or my sister Tina for what happened. I only blame myself. We were posted in Tilsa then, hilly country with those innumerable winding roads which are perilous even to someone who knows his way around. She didn't.

Tina came to stay with us during her school vacation. It was the summer of '62. She was only sixteen then and I felt very responsible towards her. She would sit mooning for days on end. But often without any reason she was garrulous and cheerful. The world of an adolescent is so closed and impenetrable with a complex tangle of undisclosed secrets and whispers, of moods of ecstasy and sullen spells of silence. I could not break through her reserve.

I was almost twelve years older than her. People said we looked alike, but I knew it was not true. I had turned fat and gone to seed after my marriage. We had no children and I tended to overeat — as a sort of compensation I suppose. The doctors warned me I would have to reduce if I wanted to conceive a child. But I was careless of their advice, indulging myself unashamedly, complacent in the knowledge that Rahul loved me and that nothing could go wrong with my marriage.

My father was a drunkard who had never cared for his children. He was in and out of jobs often left the house without warning and often didn't return for days on end. My mother worked to support Tina and me when we were young. She went from house to house, making market surveys for soap and powder and hair dye. It got her some money and the cosmetics firm which she served were happy with her work. Father didn't spend a paisa for the upkeep of the house.

Later, when I finished school, I began to work in a large company as stenographer and supplemented mother's income. When her health began to fail, I urged her to stay at home.

When I was twenty-three, I met Rahul. He was handsome and dashing and worked in a tea plantation. His father was one of the directors of the company where I worked and I saw Rahul briefly that first day when I came out of the conference room. He was perched on a stool at the entrance and he looked so incredibly young and handsome that I thought he was a college boy. The second time I saw him, he was with his father. The third time he caught me alone.

"Can I have a word with you?" he asked. I was pert and pretty in those days and had not yet begun to wax in size. He took me to the office canteen and bought me coffee and the office staff talked of nothing else for days on end. I thought at that time that it was just one of those casual encounters. But when he went back to the plantation, he wrote me a letter saying he couldn't get me out of his mind. I treasured it and didn't show it to my mother. I was afraid she would not take the news well. My marriage would rob her of a bread winner and Tina was still in school.

I wrote to him and through the months

our avid correspondence grew till one day a letter of his fell into mother's hands. When I returned from the office that day I sensed a change in her behaviour. She was very very subdued that evening and didn't ask me about my day at the office as she generally did. After I had had my dinner and got into my housecoat, she suddenly asked:

***The magic had gone
out of our marriage and
in my panic I grew
paranoid***

"Vanmala, are you thinking of getting married?" I gave a start, wondering how she had found out.

Then I saw in her hand one of Rahul's letters, I recognised the handwriting at once. "Give me that at once," I cried. I was blazing with anger. I had the highest regard for my mother and was furious she had stooped to reading my private correspondence.

She said without batting an eyelid: "Vanmala, how could you do this to me? You might at least have told me about him, taken me into confidence. Or did you think I would stand in the way of your marriage?" Her shoulders heaved with emotion and she turned her face away to hide her tears. She was a frustrated woman. Life had treated her shabbily in marriage. And now even her own children were keeping secrets from her. She felt slighted.

I felt sorry for her.

"Mother," I said softly, touching her shoulder.

I SUSPECTED MY SISTER



"Don't talk to me!" she cried. "You don't trust me as a daughter should."

"Mother, I'm sorry," I said. "I would have told you by and by."

But she refused to be cajoled. For days after that she was morose and gloomy. Even Tina, who was barely eleven then, felt the undercurrent of anxiety because she asked me if mother was not quite well.

Mother's ailment was deeper than we had imagined. It was aggravated by the fact that father disappeared at about the same time. We thought it was just one of his usual vanishing tricks and that he would come back when his money ran out. He didn't. Days and weeks passed and they lengthened into months with no news at all about him. Mother began to withdraw herself more and more into a shell.

When I wrote to Rahul about her malady, he suggested we get married at once and get her to live with us. It didn't turn out that way. One day mother in her mental haze wandered out onto the main road and got knocked down by a speeding car. She suffered a concussion from which she never recovered. After her death, things took their own course. Rahul began to pressurise me to get married soon, but there was the problem of Tina. There were no good schools in Tilsa where he was stationed and I was concerned about her education because she was a bright student, consistently getting a first class. We finally decided to put her in a good boarding school and begin our conjugal life free from worries.

Those were happy years. Of tender whispers and long, cool nights, of shared joys and sudden surprises.

When Tina visited us during the holidays, the tenor of life changed. She was so vivacious and full of fun that I came out of my depression and began to live again.

That summer we got a letter from police authorities in Bombay that my father had been arrested for theft. Actually, it did not affect me much. He had been in and out of

jail so many times in the course of his life with us.

Tina was with us then, for it was vacation time. When I read her the news, she was shocked.

"He's alone and helpless," she cried. "Poor father."

"What do you expect me to do?" I asked. "Believe me I am not going to stick my neck out to save him. We have suffered enough during our childhood."

She said coolly, "Why don't you take Rahul's advice? He's so mature in a crisis."

She was referring of course to the time when mother had had her mental breakdown. Rahul had come down then and taken things competently in hand, being a bulwark of strength to us and a source of courage in our tragedy. When he came home that evening, I quietly handed him the letter. He glanced at me quizzically and then read it.

He touched my hand lightly. Evidently he thought I needed to be consoled. "When are you leaving for Bombay?" he asked.

"I'm not going," I protested bluntly. "Let him stay in jail; we have suffered all these years."

"Vanmala, you can't do this to him. He is your father," he said softly. But I was relentless. He looked at Tina then and they exchanged a glance which told me they were in perfect agreement with each other. It hurt me as nothing had done before.

I had to go in the end. Rahul brought some money from the bank next day for lawyer's fees, bail and our return journey. I was supposed to bring him back with me. Rahul couldn't get away because of pressure of work and Tina offered to keep house and supervise the cook.

Father was a wreck. When I saw him in the smelly cell, I didn't recognise him. I wanted to disown him, but he clutched my hands through the visitor's grille and begged me to help him. He had stolen several thousand rupees and jewellery from a posh residence in the dead of night. It was a week before matters were sorted out and I set out with him on the homeward journey. When I told him about mother, he cried and was full of self-recrimination. I let him rave on and sank into an introspective gloom born of my own waning looks, of the sordidness that our marriage had become, of the way in which Tina and Rahul had propelled me out of my role as wife.

They came to the bus station to receive us, as the last lap of the journey was by a winding mountain road which connected Tilsa with the nearest rail junction. Father dozed and my head was full of turbulent thoughts. I don't know what got into me, and suspicious of Rahul and Tina I was extremely curt in my speech. Maybe my mood affected Rahul because he asked me in the privacy of our bedroom if anything had transpired between my father and me to foul up my mood. I swung on him then like a tiger and hurled all kinds of accusations which had been trembling on the edge of my consciousness for days.

He heard me out, deeply shocked at my allegations about their secret relationship, my accusation that they had sent me to the rescue of my father so that they could have the whole house to themselves for their nefarious doings. I thought ours were the only ears which heard the profanities. I didn't know that Tina had tiptoed into the passage, fearing the brawl was about our father.

It began to rain. Sheets of water hammered at the roof and thunder rumbled distantly. Through a shocked daze I heard Rahul's station wagon start up in the garage. He glanced at me mystified. Then we were both charging down the passage to Tina's room. The discarded nightgown on the bed and the wide open wardrobe doors told their own story and we rushed out into the rain. Father came out too, still groggy from last night's journey and not quite aware what was happening.

Rahul looked at me wildly. "The crazy child will kill herself," he said. "The slopes are treacherous." He didn't say anything to me in anger, yet I felt the stabs of guilt—the guilt born of suspecting your loved ones.

"I have to go after her and bring her back," he said. I knew he didn't have the means. The station wagon was our only vehicle.

The worst part was Tina didn't know driving. She had picked up a few rudiments from Rahul and could steer if the road was straight and empty. The fact that she had driven out alone into the stormy night made me shudder. I made a hundred resolutions to treat her well if she got back.

The day never came. The station wagon plunged thirty-six feet down into a ravine and we never saw her alive again. Even now her thought is like a shadow between Rahul and me, marring all that is left of my marriage.

TO ALL PARENTS

"I'll lend you for a little time,
A child of mine" He said,
"For you to love while he lives
And mourn for when he's dead."

"It may be six or seven years,
Or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call him back,
Take care of him for me.

"He will bring his charms to gladden
you,
And should his stay be brief,
You will have his lovely memories,
As solace for your grief.

"I cannot promise he will stay,
Since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down
there,
I want this child to learn.

"I have looked the wide world over,
In my search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd life's
lane,
I have selected you.

"Now will you give him all your love
Nor think the labour vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call,
To take him back again."

I fancied that I hear them say,
"Dear Lord, Thy will be done,
For all the joy thy child shall bring,
The risk of grief we'll run.

"We'll shelter him with tenderness,
We'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we've known,
Forever grateful stay."

QUIZ

HEGMAN

1. Sunil Gavaskar wrote "Sunny Days". Which cricketers wrote a) "A Tiger's Tale", b) "One More Over"?
2. Which Indian editor recently won the 1977 Mitubishi Award?
3. In the fairy tale, who invaded the home of Father Bear, Mother Bear and Baby Bear?
4. Who was the Italian merchant-explorer whose name was given to America?
5. In the games of soccer and hockey, who is referred to sometimes as the custodian?
6. Suicide in the Indian Penal Code is punishable by a jail term of how many years?
7. With which school of philosophy is Jean-Paul Sartre associated?
8. Which musical instrument is associated with a) Yehudi Menuhin b) Zakir Hussain, c) T. R. Mahalingam?
9. How many days did the battle of Kurukshetra last?
10. Which is the only man-made object on earth visible clearly from outer space?
11. Name the capital of Chile
12. What was the nom-de-plume of Eric Arthur Blair, English novelist and critic?
13. If you were given a "Granny Smith" what would you have?
14. Who was the first Indian woman Cabinet Minister at the centre?
15. An invention began as a penny-farthing, what is it now?
16. Who created the character Miss Jane Marple in fiction?
17. Who was India's first Governor-General?
18. When was Air-India founded?

18. 1948. It was nationalised in 1953.
17. Warren Hastings.
16. Agatha Christie.
15. Bicycle.
14. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur.
13. A fleshy apple.
12. George Orwell.
11. Santiago.
10. The Great Wall of China.
9. 18 days.
8. a) Violin b) tabla c) flute.
7. Existentialism.
6. Suicide! Read the question again.
5. The goalkeeper.
4. Amerigo Vesputci.
3. Goldilocks.
2. Homesh Thapar, editor of "Seminar".
1. a) M.A.K. Pataudi b) E.A.S. Prasanna

ANSWERS

The fashion cry for the new year is — PRINTS on silks and satin sarees. They are rushing through Spring with gay abandon, bringing a breath of fresh air to the fashion scene. A spectacle of colour and trend-setting designs in traditional mood, predominant pallavs in rangoli shades, floral landscapes in fascinating colour combinations make these sarees really prettier and splashier. They add a shot of vitamins to your wardrobe whether you step out gaily to a party or soberly to a sedate function. Besides, they keep you looking fresh throughout, for silks never look shabby!

Courtesy : Aaradhi, Ridge Road, Bombay-6.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter.

Sedate In



tion ilk

LEFT : Welcome the season with an air of casual elegance! Red and white checked silk saree is interspersed with yellow and green floral bloom borders. Another in red dotted vertical lines has pyramid printed border below and plain printed one on top.

CENTRE : Newsier and splashier are these two Kanchipuram silk sarees for evening wear. A black and yellow zig-zag print has matching wide diamond printed border and pallav; while another in peppermint green traditional wide diamond printed border and pallav; while another in peppermint green traditional wide diamond printed border and pallav; while another in peppermint green traditional wide diamond printed border and pallav;

RIGHT : Perfectly suited to your happy mood! A white silk saree has electric blue and brown print, diagonally on top half and vertically on the other; while a white, red and blue satin saree has cubed design overprinted with stylised floral bunches.



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RIGHT : Perfectly suited to your happy mood! A white silk saree has electric blue and brown print, diagonally on top half and vertically on the other; while a white, red and blue satin saree has cubed design overprinted with stylised floral bunches.





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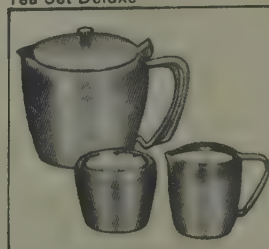
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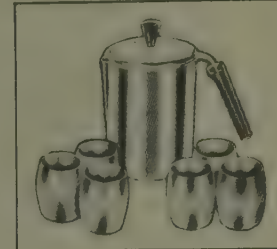
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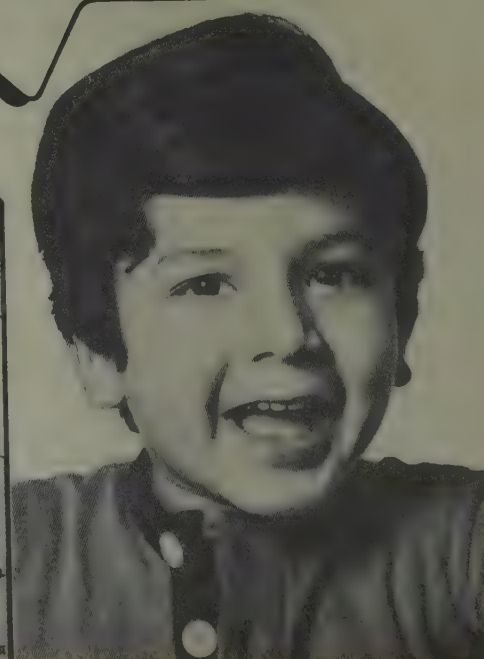
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CATCH ME!

There is something missing in each of these drawings. Try and find it.



THE ADVENTURES OF Omphy-Momphy-tak tak

One day, Omphy Momphy was lying in his bed, when he thought up a new idea. Today, he thought, "I will give Mummy a surprise by being as good as I can. She will be really happy."

So, Omphy Momphy got up from bed as quickly as he could without waiting for his mother to come again to wake him up. He went straight into the bathroom instead of wasting time saying "Good Morning" to all his toys playing with them.

Omphy Momphy's mother came to his room and saw that there was nobody in bed. "Oh!" she said, "this is very strange." She went outside to see if Omphy Momphy was playing outside. But there was no one there. Quite surprised now, she returned to Omphy Momphy's room. All Omphy Momphy's toys were on the floor. It did not look as if Omphy Momphy had played with them.

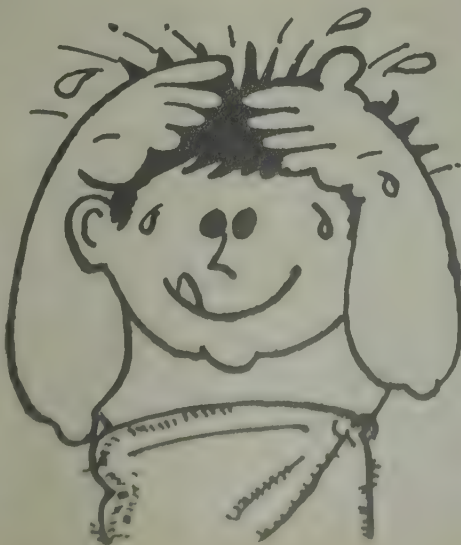
"Omphy Momphy!" called out his mother, "where are you? Go into the bathroom or you will be late."

Omphy Momphy heard someone calling out to him. He opened the bathroom door and poked his head out. He saw his mother standing in his room with a very worried face.

Omphy Momphy's mother saw him, too. "What are you doing in the bathroom?" she asked. "I have been searching all over for you." "I am having my bath," said Omphy Momphy. "I'm getting ready for school."

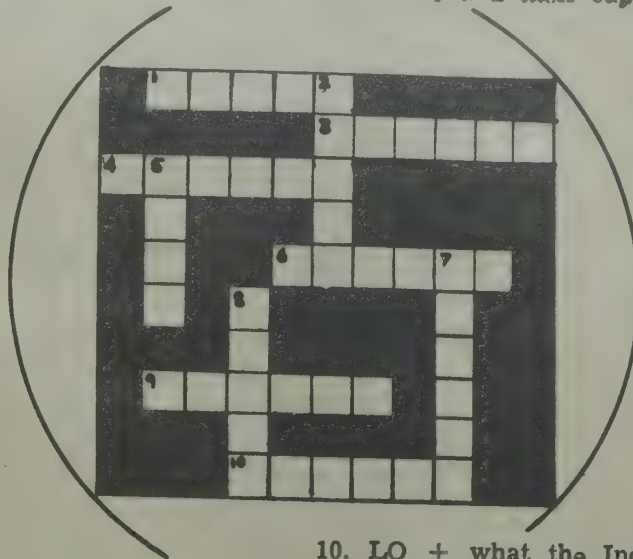
Omphy Momphy's mother was so surprised she did not know what to say. Omphy Momphy closed the bathroom door with a big smile on his face.

There was a knock on his door. His mother came to help him. But Omphy Momphy had already finished his bath.



CLUES FOR GLOBE CROSSWORD

The crossword is made only of countries and their capitals.



ACROSS

- The city famous for the Qutb Minar.
- The country where Fjords abound.
- The country that was first invaded by Hitler.
- War + a cutting tool with teeth, makes this famous capital.
- A brief beginning to this country with this jumbled spelling: SOKARE.

- LO + what the Indian hen laid, is a capital of an African state.

DOWN

- This country became independent in 1947.
- The jumbled SOLO is the capital of 3 across.
- AN + O (describe this shape in Hindi) + A.
- This is the capital of South Korea.

"I don't understand you," said his mother. "Every day you need help to avoid being late. Today, you have already finished your bath. What is happening?" She looked suspiciously at Omphy Momphy. Omphy Momphy smiled to himself. This was an even better surprise than he had planned.

Omphy Momphy's mother went out of the bathroom and Omphy Momphy quickly dried himself and went into his room. He did not call out to his mother to give him his school uniform, as he usually did. He found all his clothes himself and got ready. Then he went into his father's room to see if he could find a rag to wipe his shoes with.

"Omphy Momphy" his mother called out to him. Quickly, he finished cleaning his shoes and put them on.

"Omphy Momphy!" called his mother again.

"Coming," said Omphy Momphy and ran to his room.

Once again, his mother was standing in his room, this time near his almirah, searching for something inside. "Omphy Momphy," she was saying, "hurry up and put on your clothes. You will be late. Oh dear, I can't find your shirt and socks. I've looked all over for the last ten minutes. . ."

Omphy Momphy's mother turned around and stared at the fully dressed boy before her. She sat down heavily on the bed. She was looking quite cross. "What are you up to Omphy Momphy?" asked his mother. "Here I have been searching for your clothes and you are already dressed. What is happening?"

Omphy Momphy began to laugh. "I'm giving you a surprise, Mummy," he said. "I'm being a good boy."

Omphy Momphy's mother gave a big sigh. "You know, Omphy Momphy," she said, "I have got so used to you being your usual mischievous self, that when you suddenly become good, I have even more trouble."

"You mean you like me better when I am not so good?" asked Omphy Momphy happily.

"I love you all the time. . . good or bad, but if you let me get used to the idea of a very good Omphy Momphy by being good every single day—then I will begin to enjoy it," said his mother with a smile.

"Oh," said Omphy Momphy. "It will be very difficult to be good every single day. I wanted to give you a surprise for one day only."

"Well, thank you Omphy Momphy for the lovely surprise," said his mother. "I hope I get many more such surprises."

Pen without a cap watch without number nine, book without binding, face without ears, house without windows.

CATCH ME

ANSWERS
(GLOBE CROSSWORD)
ACROSS: 1. DELHI; 2. NORWAY; 3. POLAND; 4. WARSAW; 5. S. KOREA; 6. SOKARE; 7. AN + O (describe this shape in Hindi) + A.
DOWN: 1. LO + what the Indian hen laid, is a capital of an African state.
2. INDIA; 3. OSLO; 4. AN + O (describe this shape in Hindi) + A.
5. S. KOREA; 6. SOKARE; 7. AN + O (describe this shape in Hindi) + A.
8. SOKARE; 9. S. KOREA; 10. WARSAW.



YOU'RE INVITED FOR TEA

Premila Lal

Tea time's fun time! A nice way to let your hospitality shine — Ask friends in for an afternoon tete-a-tete over cups of steaming tea and sumptuous snacks, like dhoklas, khandvis and dahi vadas. These savoury, spicy and slurpy snacks are so varied in taste — you have a new snack with almost every new topic you pick on. So get your party swinging with these mouth-watering, easy to make snacks, which will get you encores after encores from your 'guests.

KHAMUN DHOKLA

500 grams chana dal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ kg. curd
 Salt to taste
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. oil
 1 tsp. soda bicarb
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. mustard seeds

GRIND TO A PASTE:

4 green chillis
 1" piece ginger

FOR GARNISH:

Coconut, grated
 Coriander leaves, chopped

Soak dal for 2-3 hours in water and drain. Grind coarsely and put in a bowl. Cover and leave for 5-6 hours and then mix in the curd, ground ginger and chilli paste, salt to taste and $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of heated oil. Mix and leave for a few hours. Before

cooking, mix soda with a little warm water and mix. Pour mixture in a greased tray or plate and steam till set. Fry the mustard seeds in a tablespoon of oil and pour over the steamed mixture. Cut in cubes and garnish with chopped coriander and grated coconut.

PATREL OR PATHRAVADE

1 doz. tender colocasia leaves
 1 cup chana dal
 1 ball tamarind (1" dia)
 1 doz. dry red chillis
 $\frac{1}{2}$ coconut
 30 grams sugar (optional)
 Small piece of asafoetida (optional)
 Salt to taste

Soak dal in enough water overnight. Next day drain the dal and grate the coconut. Gri

ese together with the chillis, marind, asafoetida, salt and gar to a fine paste. Clean the ves properly. Remove the rd veins with a sharp knife t take care not to tear the hf. Place a leaf on a table, nt facing the table and spread thin layer of the paste on this, read another leaf on this and eat process until you have ed all the paste and leaves. rn in the edges on both sides d role tightly and tidily. Tie e roll with a string and steam r ½ hour until tender — If you ve a cooker, pressure cook on vet for 5 minutes. Remove d cut off the string without maging the roll. Cut slices ith a sharp, thin knife and rve hot. Patrel slices may be ated in a little ghee before rving. Another way of serving atrel is to cut it into slices and ep fry until very crisp.

MATTHIES

0 grams flour (maida)
0 grams butter or ghee
tbsp. cummin seeds
mls. milk
little hot water
l or ghee
lt to taste
tsps. pepper, ground coar-
sely, (optional)

ve the flour, heat the butler smoking point and pour into e flour; mix well and knead. d cummin seeds and salt. Gra- ally add the milk and a little water till you have a stiff gh. Knead for about 20 min- es. Two teaspoons of coarsely ound pepper may be added if e matthies are to be spiced. ll out and cut into pieces. angular or square shapes may prepared for variation. Heat oil or ghee and deep fry e matthies crisp and light wn. This makes about 3 doz- matthies.

HI VADAS

cup black gram dal
cups oil or ghee
green chillis
tsp. mustard seeds
red dry chillis
cup coconut scrapings
all quantity of curry leaves
cups buttermilk (fresh)
t to taste

nd the coconut scrapings with green chillis and some salt to ne paste and mix with the termilk. Put a pan on the with about a tablespoon of When heated, add the must- seeds and red chillis. When mustard seeds begin to splut- remove the pan from the . Add this to the buttermilk ture and keep aside. Remove black skin of the gram dal soak in water for about two rs. Add salt to taste and grind to a fine paste without too h water. Cut the remaining h chillis and curry leaves mix with the paste. Put a on fire with the remaining When hot make the paste

into small balls, each about the size of a lemon and fry. Remove and put them in the prepared buttermilk chutney. Keep for about 2-3 hours till they are well soaked and soft.

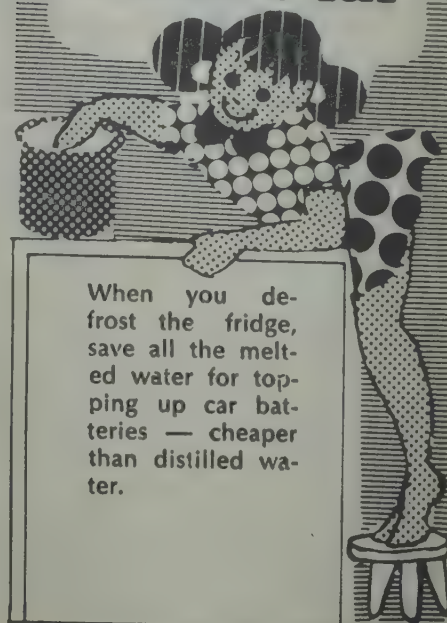
KHANDVI

2 cups sour curds
2 cups gram flour
6 green chillis
Piece of ginger
Coriander leaves
Coconut scrapings

1 tbsp. til (sesame) oil
1 tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. turmeric powder

Beat the curds. Add 2 cups water and continue beating till smooth. Add gram flour and mix well. Grind chillis, ginger, turmeric and salt. Add this to the flour paste, stirring well. Place on slow fire and stir constantly till cooked. Remove from fire and pour a thin layer on a thali. When cool cut into strips and roll. Place rolls in a dish. Heat

cuckoo lal



oil. Add mustard seeds and when it stops spluttering, remove from fire and pour hot over rolls. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves and coconut scrapings.

MOONG FRITTERS

250 grams moong dal
3 onions
2 green chillis
A small bunch of fresh coriander leaves
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 egg
½ cup flour
A pinch of soda bicarb
Salt to taste
Ghee
A little milk

Soak moong dal for about 24 hours. Drain before use. Cover with sufficient water and cook till tender. Strain any excess water.

Chop onions, chillis and coriander leaves. Mix with moong. Add salt and chilli powder. Put in flour and mix thoroughly. Beat egg and add to the mixture gradually. Add milk to form a thickish batter. Add soda bicarb. Heat ghee. Drop spoonfuls into hot ghee. Fry on both sides and serve hot.

ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS ! MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, 1) A non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Weikfield's Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Baking Powder, Ice Cream Mix Powder, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour, and 3) A book, "Eve's Guide to Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.



So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with photograph and coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

SUNDAY



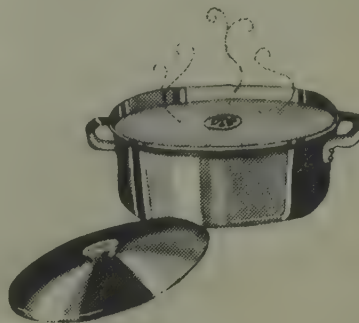
Kheema Pulao

MONDAY



Kheema Peas

TUESDAY



Mutton Kurma

WEDNESDAY



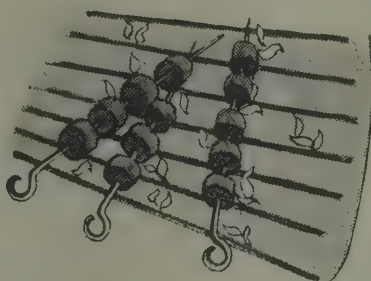
Biryani

THURSDAY



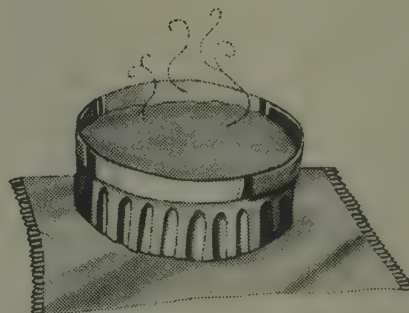
Roghan Josh

FRIDAY



Kababs

SATURDAY



Mutton Palak

THE MEALMAKER ECONOMY

If you usually make a $\frac{1}{2}$ kg mutton dish for a family of 5 or 6 members, you can now take $\frac{1}{2}$ kg. meat (approx. cost Rs. 3.50) add 60 gms. **MEALMAKER** (approx. cost Rs. 1.20) which when cooked equals $\frac{1}{2}$ kg. of Kheema Peas or Roghan Josh even Kababs . . . while you save approximately Rs. 16.00 a week without stinting on your menu! Your family gets even more nourishment than before.

A 250 gms. carton of **MEALMAKER** costs Rs. 4.50 plus local taxes and equals 1 kg. of boneless mutton when cooked.

How to serve a meaty dinner everyday and stay well within your budget

You have a family that loves meaty meals. And you have a budget that groans at the price of mutton these days. What do you do?

Clever housewives are discovering new **MEALMAKER**.

MEALMAKER is a textured vegetable protein, extruded to look, taste and feel exactly like mutton. It is brimming with concentrated Soya Proteins and wholesome nourishment. Anything you can cook with mutton you can now cook with a little mutton and a little Mealmaker and make it go twice as far in taste and satisfaction at one third the cost.

Add 60 gms. of **MEALMAKER** to $\frac{1}{4}$ kg. of mutton to make $\frac{1}{2}$ kg. dish of mutton where you cannot tell the delicious difference. **MEALMAKER** reconstitutes itself to three times its size and weight when cooked. The

more **MEALMAKER** you serve, the more you save. Count your savings at the end of a week full of meaty dinners.

AND IF YOU ARE VEGETARIAN — **MEALMAKER** adds vital proteins to vegetarian diets. Cooked by itself, it makes delicious vegetarian dishes and snacks.

MEALMAKER has practically no fats, cholestrol or saccharides content which makes it the ideal food for diabetics, heart patients slimmers, growing children and pregnant mothers.

Mealmaker
The delicious meat extender

Manufactured by:
MYSORE SNACKFOODS LTD.

Marketed by
Kissan
Bangalore-560 023.



Available at Bombay and Poona only

recipes from our readers



Mrs. K. K. Kushalapa,
Coorg.

KAIPULI PAJJI

ripe Kaipuli
tbsps. salt
or 5 cubes jaggery
tsp. mustard
pod garlic
medium sized onion
red chillis
small ball of tamarind
onion, chopped
tbsps. oil
Mustard seeds for seasoning

ierce the kaipuli a little with a
ork and put them in the fire
ntil the peel is burnt. Later re-
ove the peel, take only the
ulp and grind to a smooth paste
ong with the above ingredients
cept chopped onion. Keep a

pan on a slow fire and heat 2
tablespoons of oil in it. Add the
mustard seeds and the chopped
onion. When the onion turns
brown, add the ground kaipuli,
and remove when it comes to a
boil. Serve with rice.



Mrs. Indira Jenna, Bombay.

COCONUT STUFFED IN RAVA HALVA

1 large coconut
½ kg. sugar
½ kg. rava
6 cashewnuts
6 raisins
4 cardamoms, powdered
Ghee for frying

Grate the coconut and add one
glass of sugar and mix well. Heat
a dekchi, add one tablespoon of
ghee. Fry cashewnuts, raisins,

and then add the mixed coconut
and sugar. Keep on frying till
golden brown. Then add the car-
damom powder. Mix well, when
it's dry, take it down. Cool for
sometime and make small round
balls and keep aside. Take two
glasses of rava, clean and fry dry
separately for five minutes. Keep
aside. Then boil four glass of
water in a large vessel, add one
glass of sugar, and when dis-
solved, take it down and add all
the rava, stirring all the time so
that no lumps are formed. Keep
it on slow fire, fry till it becomes
like halva. Take it down when
it's a little cool. Take a ball of
halva on your palm, make it like
a cup and stuff one coconut ball
into it, close it gradually making
it round and then flatten it a
little and deep fry in ghee, till
golden brown. Fry one by one.



Miss Aruna Gupta, Bombay.

KURMURA KHICHDI

200 grams kurimura (puffed rice)
50 grams roasted groundnuts
2 medium sized potatoes
1 tsp. red chilli powder
1 tsp. sugar

Lemon juice
2 tbsps. oil
Coriander leaves, chopped
Salt to taste

Peel potatoes and cut into small
pieces. Put oil in a karahi, when
hot, put potatoes in it and cover
it with thali. Let it cook for 5-7
minutes. Wash kurmura. Squeeze
out water and keep in a plate.
Grind groundnuts coarsely and
spread on kurmura. When pota-
toes are cooked, put kurmura
mixture in the karahi and add
salt, sugar and chilli powder. Stir
for five minutes. Remove from
fire. Put the khichdi in a plate
and squeeze lemon and sprinkle
with chopped coriander leaves
on it. Serve hot.



Bimla Sajnani, Hyderabad.

APPLE PAKORA

1 apple (half ripe)
4 green chillis
A small piece of ginger
½ tsp. ajwain
½ tsp. black pepper powder
1 tsp. red chilli powder
2 tsp. mango powder (amchoor)
Salt to taste
1 cup gram flour
A pinch baking powder
Ghee or oil for frying.

Peel the apple, core half and cut
into slices. Peel ginger and min-
ce. Chop green chillis. Arrange
apple pieces in a plate and
sprinkle red chillis, mango pow-
der, black pepper and salt over
them along with ginger and
green chillis. Keep them aside
for 5 minutes.

Prepare a thin batter from
gram flour and water, add salt,
a pinch of baking powder and
ajwain. Dip the apple pieces in
the batter and deep fry them in
ghee or oil till golden brown.
Serve hot with tomato ketchup
or chutney.

ATTENTION, COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS!

Each recipe for the weekly
and monthly contests and
Recipes From Readers' page
must be accompanied by
this coupon. Those not ac-
companied by the coupon
and a passport size photo-
graph will not be consid-
ered for publication.

Address your entry to the
Cookery Editor, Eve's Week-
ly Ltd., Bombay Samachar
Marg, Fort, Bombay 400 023



Mrs. Geetha Manikutty of
Tamil Nadu, wins Rs. 50 for
this week's best recipe plus a
non-stick coated Sandwich
Toaster and a 9 cup Storefresh
container from Trupti Indus-
tries, Bombay a gift hamper
from Weikfield and a book by
Aroona Reejhsinghani.

VEGETABLE SEV PULAO

1 kg. boiled rice
100 grams French beans,
chopped
100 grams carrots, chopped
½ kg. cauliflower, shredded
2 large onions, finely chopped
½ kg. peas, partly cooked
with little salt
1 tsp. lime juice
½ bunch coriander leaves,
chopped
25 grams cashewnuts and
raisins, fried (optional)
50 grams ghee (or) any
vanaspati
2 slices of bread, cubed and
fried
Salt to taste
1 tsp. sesame oil
½ cup coconut milk (option-
al) for flavour

GARAM MASALA :

2 cardamoms
2 sticks cinnamon
2 cloves
Few poppy seeds (khush khush)
½ tsp. aniseeds, roasted and
powdered
1 tsp. peppercorns, roasted
and powdered

Soak the boiled rice for two
hours and grind it into a
smooth dough with salt to

taste. In a thick bottomed ves-
sel, pour some water and one
teaspoon oil and allow it to
boil. Pour the ground rice
dough and cook well until it
does not stick to the fingers.
Remove it from the fire and
allow it to cool down. Make
into small balls and steam in
pressure cooker for 10 minutes.
Clean the sev mould (or) cha-
kli mould and drop the rice
balls one at a time, press and
make sev. You get delicate
thread like sev in coiled form.
Chop it well to make tiny
little sev.

Heat two tablespoon ghee and
fry chopped onions and add
remaining chopped vegetables
and salt and cook well until
vegetables are tender. Mix
cooked vegetables and sev
thoroughly. Add garam masa-
la powder fried in little ghee.
Mix fried bread pieces and
powdered peppercorns.

For flavour, add little coconut
milk extract, cashewnuts and
raisins fried in ghee. Some
lime juice can be added. Gar-
nish with chopped coriander
leaves. Serve hot with coconut
chutney or any ratha

FROM BINNY'S GALLERY OF ORIGINALS-3

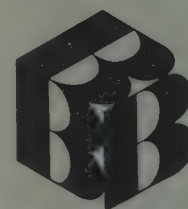
MODERN MASTERPIECES



Cool ... distinguished.
Binny's prize panorama
of fabrics. Inimitable
suitings and shirtings.
In an inventive palette
of shades and designs.

In this presentation,
he wears Meteor
polyester/cotton
shirting. She wears
Kingfisher Super
polyester/cotton
shirting.

**METEOR Shirting &
KINGFISHER Shirting**



STUDIES IN ELEGANCE

BINNY
polyester blends

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



Having received a return from a bachelor executive who claimed a dependent son, an income-tax inspector sent the form back with a note saying, "This must be a stenographic error."

Back came the report, with the added notation, "You're telling me!"

"I take the next turn, don't I?" asked the driver of the car.

A muffled reply came from the back seat: "Like hell you do."

The Italian government is installing a clock in the leaning tower of Pisa. Reason? What good is it if you have the inclination and you don't have the time?

Rules are the means of a girl's assessing which man she likes well enough to break them for.

An engaging, but somewhat vacant, young lady we met recently thought VICE VERSA meant dirty poems.

A clergyman, suddenly called away and unable to officiate at the Christmas services in his own church, entrusted

his new curate with the duty. On his return home, he asked his wife what she thought of the curate's sermon.

"The poorest I've ever heard," she confided. "Nothing in it at all."

Later in the day, the clergyman, meeting his curate, asked him how he had got along.

"Excellently, sir," he replied. "I didn't have time to prepare

anything myself, so I preached one of your sermons."

A Boston lady was expressing her indignation at the indecent words being painted on the walls and sidewalks of the city.

"What will outsiders think of us?" she cried. "Why, some of the words aren't even spelled right."

"Bullfighting," according to Pedro, "is the most popular sport in South America."

"Isn't it revolting?" asked his fair companion from Detroit.

"No," said Pedro, "that's the second most popular sport."

"Ever been disappointed in love?" asked a man of his friend.

"Twice," was the answer. "The first girl jilted me. The second one didn't."



Herb Shriner reveals how his spinster aunt back in Indiana found herself a husband.

"She saw this fellow on a 'Wanted' poster," Herb explains, "and offered one hundred dollars more for him than the government did."

A sailor's wife approached the pastor of her church just as he was stepping into the pulpit, and handed him a note. The note said: "Harold Peat, having gone to sea, his wife requests the congregation to pray for his safety."

The minister hastily unfolded the note, and with his mind on the sermon he was about to make, he announced: "Harold Peat, having gone to see his wife, requests the congregation to pray for his safety."

There was a young lady named Etta

Who fancied herself in a sweater;
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm was not bad
But the other two reasons were better.

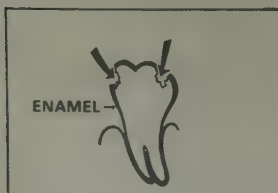
Compiled by George Fegradue

Now you can save his teeth
from painful cavities

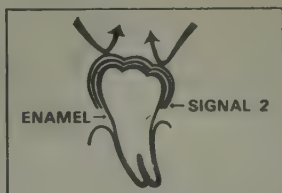
Get Signal 2

with the most effective Fluoride formula
to harden teeth against decay

A toothache isn't just painful, it's a sign of tooth decay. Ignore it, and the decay goes deeper, leading to painful cavities.



Ordinary toothpastes
can't stop mouth acids
from penetrating teeth
and causing decay.



Signal 2 has the most effective
fluoride formula to stop mouth acids
from penetrating teeth and
causing decay.

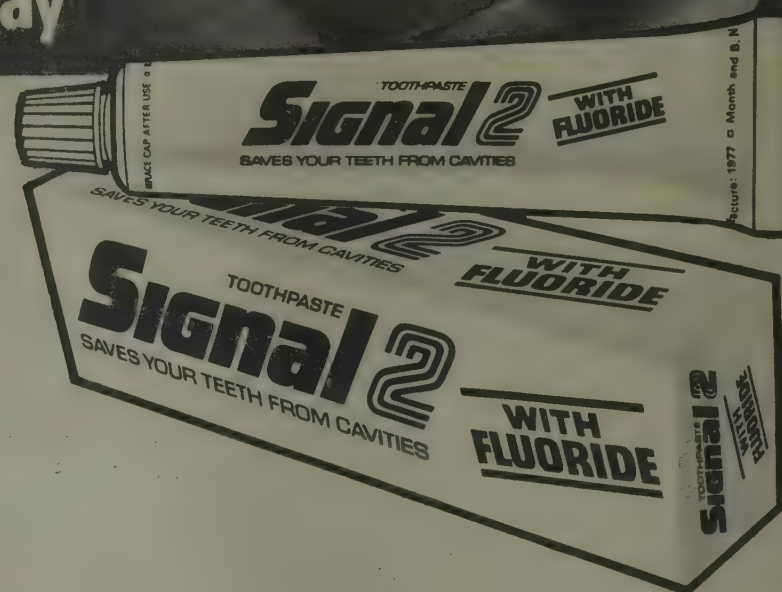
The cavity-fighter

Now, before it's too late, start your family on the toothpaste that is proven to fight tooth decay—Signal 2. Its special fluoride formula unites with the teeth to make them harder, more resistant to harmful mouth acids—and helps prevent cavities. No other toothpaste is better at fighting tooth decay.

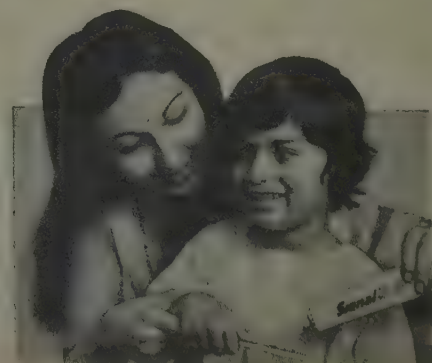
Don't just take our word. Check with your dentist.

Signal 2

WITH
FLUORIDE



your family's
cavity-fighter



So you are thin and have always wanted to put on weight! You have been teased in school as the beanpole of the class. Of course there was a time when skinny was beautiful and girls longed to show their bone structure like Twiggy, but that was way back in the swinging sixties. Now it is the sexy seventies and the return of feminine curves. So what do you do?

First of all let us find out whether you are thin because you do not eat enough or because you are just built that way. If it is the latter, then there's not much you can do. If, however, your case belongs to the former category, then there is hope.

Four things have to be kept in mind when you embark on your weight gain spree (how all those fat women at the health clubs will envy you): firstly, your mental state, secondly your food, then your body health and lastly the way you dress.

Let us go step by step. Your mind governs the way you look. You can eat all the health-giving, body-building foods in the world, but if you are highly-strung, nervous or tensed up, then your efforts will be in vain. Relax your mind and your body and remove all forms of tension. You will be surprised how much better you will feel and how your total body functions will improve. Your appetite will increase, your muscles will relax and you will be a more pleasant person.

Sleeping at regular hours and getting your quota of eight hours of sleep should be your aim. Lack of sleep and irregular hours affect the appetite, and this may make your system sluggish and cause indigestion.

Once you have made up your mind to control your tensions and your temper, you are all set to take step two.

Imagine how fortunate you are. The word "diet" just does not exist in your dictionary. While your overweight friend shies away from the sight of that chocolate cake, you can drown yourself in it. Carbohydrates, fats, proteins, minerals, vitamins — all those fabulous weight-inducing foods — are yours to devour. If your appetite needs

inducement, then make sure you eat foods which are well laid out and temptingly arranged. At times digestive juices need external ornamental stimulation. At all times avoid eating with your friend who is on a strict diet. Have second and third helpings. But avoid over-eating. If you do this you will accumulate a lot of fat, which will do more harm than good.

Just eating all your meals a day is not enough. You



have to make sure that the foods you eat are put to use in building up your body step by step. Therefore you need to exercise and keep your body in good shape so that all that chocolate cake you eat does not settle around your waistline, nor the lashings of butter you spread on your bread around your hips.

An exercise schedule is a must. Practised early in the morning to slow music, it is bound to have the maximum effect. A few exercises given below will help the various parts of the body to maintain their suppleness and at the same time to build up the body muscles.

Exercise One: The all purpose sit-ups are the best way to start the routine. Stand

with your feet together, arms outstretched. Rise on your toes and very slowly sit on haunches. Rise slowly, maintaining a balance at all times. Start by doing it 10 times and then increase upto 50 sit-ups.

Exercise Two: Touching your toes is the ideal thing for thighs, waist and spine.

Stand with your feet slightly apart, arms outstretched on either side. Raise right arm and bring it down to touch left toe and then slowly return to starting position. Repeat the same with your left arm touching the right toe. Breathe in when bending down and breathe out when bending up. Start by doing it 10 times gradually increasing to 50.

Exercise Three: If you hate walking then jogging on the spot is best for you. Stand erect with your arms relaxed by your side. Jog on the spot raising knees as high as possible. Start by jogging for a minute and then increase upto five minutes.

Exercise Four: Weight gain, besides showing on the waist and hips, is also visible on the bust which may tend to sag if exercises are not done to strengthen the supporting muscles which give the necessary uplift. The following exercises will strengthen the muscles:

A — Stand with your feet slightly apart, arms outstretched at shoulder level on either side. Make circles in the air in a clockwise direction then anti-clockwise. Do this six times and then increase to 10 times.

B — Stand with your feet slightly apart, clasp your hands in front of the bust with elbows straight. Press your palms together till you feel the bust muscles tightening. Release. Do this 10 times then move up to 20 times.

C — Stand with your feet slightly apart. Clasp your hands at the back around hip level. Bend forward slowly as far as possible, still keeping your hands clasped. Straighten up slowly. Do this exercise 10 times then increase to 20 times.

Exercise Five: Here is another all-purpose exercise. Sit on the ground with your legs apart and back erect. Stretch and touch right palm to left toe and vice versa. Feel the relaxing pull of the exercise in your thighs, legs, hips and torso. Repeat 10 times in the beginning, then do this 25 times.

In between and during each exercise make sure you do a lot of deep breathing to fill the lungs with fresh air to

keep you going. Exercises are most effective when they are accompanied by correct breathing technique.

Your exercise routine should be organised so that whatever you eat does not form fat but muscle. The above exercises will keep you fit and also give that extra bounce to your walk, put that sparkle in your eye and a glow in your cheek.

While you are patiently waiting for all your efforts to bear fruit, because gaining weight is as difficult as losing it (both take time and effort) you can minimise your slimness by wearing the right types of clothes giving an illusion of fullness all round.

Here are a few Do's and Don'ts that will help you hide those angles and put on curves.

DO'S:

Wear horizontally striped clothes.

Select flouncy skirts in organza and blouses with lots of frills and puff sleeves, long sleeves or three-quarter sleeves.

Wear medium heeled shoes to cut down on height.

Bright colours with gay prints are your best bet.

Fluff out hair in curls and keep it at a level that adds fullness to your face.

Wear make-up subtly so that it gives a soft look to the face and choose those shades which add colour to your complexion.

If you prefer saris then crisp cottons, organzas and pure silks are flattering.

If you swim, wear a one-piece swimsuit with a frilly skirt to add fullness.

DON'TS:

Don't wear vertical stripes in dresses.

Avoid flimsy, clingy fabrics.

Pencil slim dresses and skirts are taboo.

Resist halters, off-the-shoulder dresses, plunging necklines and sleeveless dresses.

Very high heels will increase your overall slimness.

Blacks, browns, very dark colours, are not for you.

Short, head-hugging hairstyles are fabulous on full faces but give a gaunt look to a bony one.

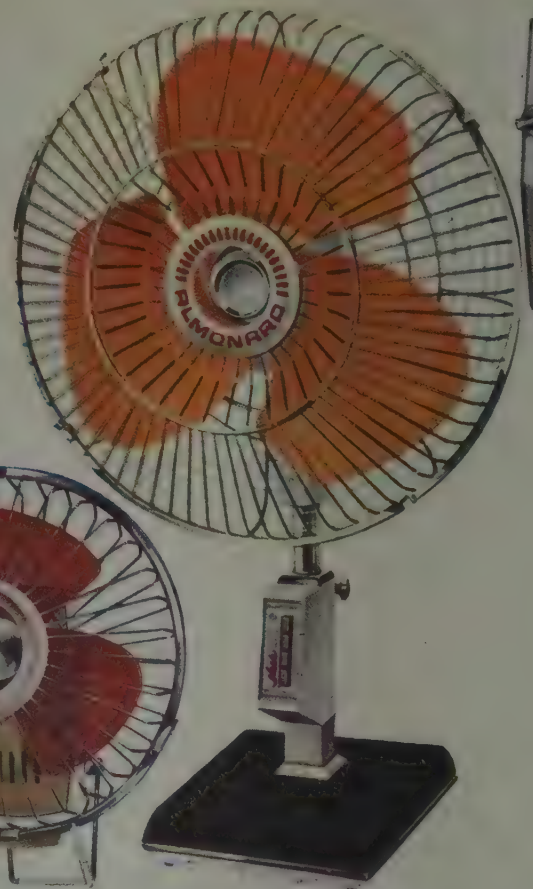
So now you have made an all out bid to embark on "Operation Weight Gain." You have to maintain your routine and then relax and watch the pounds adding up. But don't be impatient for you will not get results overnight — patience is the keynote of the entire scheme.

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ZEENAT: PLANNING, YES; BUT NO PLOTING

N. Bharathi

The cassette tape-recorder was on in her make-up room. Zeenat waved me to a chair and said, "I hope you don't mind. I'll just finish my home work." The cassette blared on — a tearful Asha Bhonsle number which Zeenat played more than a dozen times to get the words and the right mood before going onto the sets.

On the sets she had Vinod Khanna as her hero that afternoon. A few weeks earlier she had told me that it was remarkable the way somebody's career suddenly zoomed up. The kids in her building were suddenly pes-tering the life out of her to act opposite Vinod Khanna. The producers have suddenly decided to offer her films opposite Vinod Khanna. "And now I suddenly find that Vinod is an addition to my heroes," she had said.

Back on the sets of Brij's "Bombay 405 miles" ("Titled this way because everything in the story happens 405 miles away from Bombay"), a tricky shot was being taken. Zeenat had to sing the sad song to an obviously displeased and unwilling hero. "He does come round before the song is over") and drop a tear exactly on his hand. Zeenat tried it several times, with glycerine and with water, but the troublesome tear turned out to be temperamental as well... it either rolled down her cheek or fell on the ground. But Zeenat couldn't give up, though the director was ready to okay the shot. At the eighth or ninth take, the tear obliged and everybody heaved a big sigh of relief. And you could see that the folks on the sets were visibly oppressed with Zeenat Aman's perseverance till the shot was taken exactly as the director wanted it.

We've said it before and we'll say it again now. Whatever critics may feel about Zeenat's acting talent (opinion is definitely

divided on the subject), her painstaking attitude towards her work, her freedom from tantrums on the sets, her businesslike yet warm behaviour with the unit (yes, right from the director and hero to the assistants and others) definitely makes up for anything else that she might lack.

It's surprising that professionalism of this kind is mistaken for a cold, ruthless shrewdness that is not really typical of Zeenat Aman. She herself feels that people call her cold and calculating "because they can't put their finger on my success. They feel that this is not the most beautiful woman in the world and she's not the most talented one either. So how come she is successful? They couldn't find an answer to the question, so the best reason they could find was that Zeenat Aman plans and plots all the time."

We don't know about plotting, but planning, yes. Zeenat Aman and her mother, Mrs. Heinz, definitely plan her career like any balanced person in any field should. By planning we mean something above board and straightforward. For instance, mother and daughter have found it convenient to handle everything without a secretary or any middle person. "This has done away with a lot of misunderstanding and hassles which middle men can create. Besides, producers find direct access to the family and maintain direct contact with us."

Another major feature in their carefully drawn up plans is that Zeenat Aman has far fewer films in hand than any other leading lady in Bombay. "I've been around for six and a half years. I'm still very involved with my work when I'm on the sets. But I no longer want to kill myself doing it. This is a profession where you've got to look your best every day, in front

of the camera, even on the days when you don't feel like wearing make up and you feel more like sitting back with oil in your hair! I want to pamper myself a bit. I do fewer films, I go jogging in the mornings. I try to avoid double shifts..."

"I'm definitely doing fewer films than anyone else around here. I have only about six films on the floor at the moment and I concentrate on them. What I do is complete a set of films and then start on a new lot. Now films like 'Don,' 'Shalimar,' and 'Satyam Shivam Sundaram' are all complete for release. So I've started on a new lot, including 'Bombay 405 miles.' I'm very organised that way. It frightens me to commit myself to films that'll be made in the next three years. As it is, the fact that I'm committed for the next one-and-a-half years scares me. And what's the point of getting myself tied down to a whole lot of films at this stage? After 'S.S.S.' I might be offered many women's subjects and I must be free to do them. Of course, on the other hand, the film just may not do well and nobody would want me around. But that's a chance one has to take, right?"

If one were to go by what many film people have to say, then Zeenat Aman should be the most puzzled person going in the industry, with a big question mark facing her like, "After 'S. S. S.' and 'Shalimar,' what?" But if one is to go by Zeenat's amused look at the question, then it looks like other people are more bothered about it than the star herself. "No one film is the be-all and end-all of any artiste. An artiste is always

growing. There are so many people I haven't worked with, like Hrishikesh Mukherjee, Gulzar, Shyam Benegal, Yash Chopra, Satyajit Ray. Recently, Bunny Reuben — he's so sweet — wrote a small piece in a trade paper where he said that Zeenat Aman's career is just beginning and she's going to be around till the turn of the century."

And what about all that talk of going away to Hollywood? "A person doesn't make a career for herself in just one week. I went on a week's holiday to Hollywood. If I get a good offer, then I'll go, finish it and come back like I did 'Shalimar.' There's no question of my giving up something good here to go and struggle out there. Ideally I'd like a situation where I can be here in India for six months and spend the other six months in the rest of the world. I'd like my basic roots to be here."

"If I quit films after two to three years it won't be to go elsewhere and start my career all over again there. When I quit I'll do it gracefully when I'm at the top. And I'll quit either to get married or because I'm tired of working."

Ah, marriage. Ever tried your hand at cooking or keeping home? "No, never," she replied honestly. "My husband will have to do all that." And a little seriously she added, "My mother tells me that when you really care for someone it'll all come to a woman automatically." Here's hoping Mrs. Heinz is proved right once again!

Photograph: Girish Shukla



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IMPACT

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ADULTERY:

first place among grounds for divorce

"Let mutual fidelity continue until death." This may be considered a summary of the highest law for the husband and the wife." Thus ordained Manu. The wisdom of this thought has remained more or less unchallenged and adultery is considered, even today, among the worst offences against marriage.

Why does society consider infidelity a matrimonial offence? The answer to this question is not very difficult. When the concept of the family began taking shape, it was necessary to stabilise it as well. The stability of the family would not be possible without its being free from any kind of suspicion, and this in turn would be impossible in a situation where one of the spouses led an adulterous course of life.

The stability of marriage, and thus of the family, depends on mutual trust and once a seed of suspicion is planted, this stability is endangered. Dr. Rossley said, "The family is not just a collection of individuals living under one roof. It is an organic whole. Either it flourishes in trust and mutual regard, or it withers away through jealousy and mutual suspicion."

Whenever the relationship in a marriage is eroded and when certain recognised grounds can be proved, society allows the parties to separate legally. Adultery is one of the grounds recognized by society entitling an aggrieved party to apply for divorce against the offending spouse.

Under the Hindu Marriage Act, 1955, the Special Marriage Act, 1954, and the Indian Divorce Act, 1869, which are the major matrimonial Acts of India, the offence of adultery has first place among all the grounds of divorce.

When there is a legal action to seek relief, the courts require proof in support of the allegations. The offence of adultery is very difficult to prove as the standard of proof required for a matrimonial offence is higher than for ordinary civil litigation. The Supreme Court, while deciding a case under the Indian Divorce Act, held: "...When the court is to be satisfied on the evidence in respect of matrimonial offences, guilt must be proved beyond reasonable doubt and it is on that principle that courts in India would act and the reason for adopting this standard of proof is the grave

Divorce by mutual consent pre-empts some of the unpleasantness caused by matrimonial litigation based on allegations of adultery

Bhupinder Singh Bhatia

consequences which follow a finding of guilt in matrimonial cases."

The above principle of law is equally applicable to cases under the Hindu Marriage Act, as the Calcutta High Court in one case observed:

"To sum up, the law in India, on the standard of proof in a matrimonial case, is proof beyond reasonable doubt..."

The law intentionally prescribes such standards of proof for matrimonial cases because it considers it a grave mischief to dissolve a tie of marriage on the ground of adultery, or other matrimonial offence, without there being strict proof. Also, the allegation of adultery does cast a certain stigma on the character of the person accused of it and thus requires a careful and thorough probe.

The other difficulty which arises in cases where adultery is alleged, is the non-availability of direct evidence, as this act is secretive in nature. Where parties imprudently produce direct evidence, the courts discard it as being suspicious. The law does not expect the evidence of someone who saw the lovers in the 'act' through key-holes or who took photographs of the adulterous intercourse.

In the Calcutta case referred to above, the husband had alleged adultery on the part of his wife. One of the acts of adultery alleged against her was that she had illicit intimacy with a refugee nightguard of the clinic situated on the ground floor of their house and that in the first week of January 1969, the owner of the clinic had discovered both of them in a room bolted from the inside. The owner of the clinic was produced in court to substantiate the allegation of the husband against his wife. He said that he discovered the wife and the refugee nightguard in embrace with one another and then on the same bed, completely naked and having sexual intercourse. The High Court had no difficulty in rejecting this piece of evidence.

Similarly, the Madras High Court, when dealing with a case of this type, said, "If we follow the Learned Judge rightly, he appears to think that actual penetration should be proved for proof of adultery. This can only be by direct evidence and it would mean that unless the erring spouse and the third party were caught in the actual act, in flagrante delicto, proof of adultery would be impossible."

"This is not the law, and we have no reason to think that it is, since numerous decisions have recognised that proof of adultery by direct evidence cannot be expected in most cases."

In lieu of direct evidence, the parties have to fall back upon circumstantial evidence and the courts are required to draw the inference from them whether the offence stands proved or not. Thus, in such cases there are more chances of differences of opinion. This leads to uncertainty and prolongation. In one case, where one of the pleas of the husband was adultery, the trial court dismissed the case because in its opinion the allegations were not proved. The husband came to the High Court — there the direct evidence produced by the husband was rejected. However, in the opinion of the High Court, some letters produced in the case established adultery on the part of the wife and thus it granted divorce to the husband vide its judgement dated 7-1-64.

While discussing the letters, the High Court said: "The flowery language of these letters, the emotional outburst and half-revealed and half-concealed sentiments expressed therein clearly indicate that it was not a sort of platonic love which existed between the respondent (wife) and the co-respondent (alleged adulterer), but it was the usual intimacy of sex."

The wife was not satisfied with this finding against her and she preferred an appeal before the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court set aside the judgement of the High Court and its opinion about the letters was: "We have read these letters and we must

say that they are most improper and should not have been written by a person like CP, who is married to the cousin of the appellant (wife). But the first thing that strikes us is that the mere fact that some male relation writes such letters to a married woman does not necessarily prove that there was any illicit relationship between the writer of the letters and the married woman who received them."

Thus the marriage between the parties again stood undissolved, though the husband had remarried after the order of the High Court in his favour, and had been blessed with a son from the second wife.

A marriage plagued by adultery is difficult to save. Litigation further worsens the situation beyond repair. If civil litigation is bad, matrimonial litigation is worse and matrimonial litigation based on allegations of adultery is the worst of all. It rarely ends well. Even where the marriage is dissolved, chances of which are very bleak, the parties are left bruised by allegations and counter-allegations. And where a case fails after a long drawn-out legal battle, the heat generated by the litigation makes husband and wife bitter enemies. Though the marriage stands destroyed, it is not dissolved.

This can now be avoided, if the parties so desire. It is difficult to find a case where parties come to court without giving vent to their grievances before common relatives and friends. Once the dispute becomes insoluble and the parties reach a stage of no-return on account of misconduct or strong suspicion of such, there is no point in fighting the final battle in courts. The Hindu Marriage Act, 1955, has now been amended by the Marriage Laws (Amendment) Act, 1976, and a new provision has been added in this, whereunder divorce can be obtained by mutual consent. When the parties agree to separate and apply for divorce under this provision, they do not have to allege or prove any other ground. In other words, dirty linen does not have to be washed in courts.

Sahir Ludhianavi, the famous Urdu poet, has very beautifully said, "When it is not possible for you to bring a story to an end, it is better to leave the same by giving it some turn, and when a relationship becomes a burden it is better to snap it."

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IF IT'S SUNDAY, THIS MUST BE TRICHI

Continued from page 15

joying the view. We moved on to Trivandrum's Napier Museum with its Fairisle patterned walls and its landscaped gardens. One day Trivandrum will become aware of its tourist attracting potential but even now it is a beautiful city.

Memories crowded around us on the way back to Kanyakumari and spun bright pictures that evening as we caught up on our notes.

We were still sorting out our impressions the next morning on the coach when the road began to rise as it cooled and the forests closed in. But for all the coolness and the foliage, Courtallam was a disappointment. Butterflies fluttered bright in the green grotto of the Falls but though most of our companions disported themselves below the cascading water, the tumbling streams were only a fragile tracery of their seasonal best.

Nevertheless, the stop was refreshing and it helped us bear the shrill, piercing screams of "ANDAL!" let loose by a self-appointed urchin guide at Sri-villiputhur. Andal is the Mirabai of the south and she wrote a number of devotional songs to Lord Vishnu before being absorbed, in all her bridal finery, into the Preserver's body. She was only 14 years old at the time.

Madurai lives and moves and has its being around the great, painted, feminine Meenakshi temple, and is the oldest city in the south. We were enchanted by the beauty of Meenakshi, fascinated by the Museum. (For a transcendental image check, consult display on second transept, left — better than Carlos Castaneda).

Outside the temple we bought delicately fashioned jewellery for a fraction of the price it would fetch in Delhi, Calcutta or Bombay, and the women went round tinkling like apsaras in ankle-chains.

It rained in Madurai throughout the night and the rain cooled our journey all the way up to the hills of Kodai. But the rain did not deter us from doing all the correct things when we reached that Never-Never Land — boating on the Lake, riding a reserve pony, standing in awe as the mist rose — Chinese scroll-like over the gaunt columns of Pillar Rocks. Most of our friends shivered that night in the mile-

high chill, but next morning the sun was out and the Lake looked like something out of Alice via Shangri La.

And if you ever make the trip, don't forget to stop at the half-way roadside market and buy a dozen red bananas — they have a delicate rose-like flavour — and some of those huge, golden-fleshed, honey-sweet papayas.

Palani, the holiest Muruga shrine, sits on top of a huge rock dropped by the giant Idumban. Most pilgrims still reach the shrine the traditional way — by climbing the 659 steps winding up the hill. We went up in two carriages hauled up the single track by a winch at the top of the temple: it was quite an experience. But the view from the top makes it worthwhile and for devotees all in-transit hazards are welcome. The deity has a wax-like texture. Legend has it that it has been fashioned out of nine poisons and all libations poured on it acquire potent curative properties.

We decided to walk down from the shrine, were blessed by a temple elephant, and set off on our journey to Tiruchi refreshed and fortified by the exercise. And the blessing, of course.

The rain came with the darkness and deluged us all the way to Trichi and it was overcast in the early part of the morning but it cleared, blue and gold, before we reached the foot of the great rock on which sat the shrine that dominated the town.

Ascending the steps that pierced through the rock we passed halls, and shrines, narrow windows and niches and, eventually, emerged at the top. From there a further flight of open steps led to the Vinayak temple at the crest. The view and the wind here are exhilarating and all Tiruchi spreads at one's feet like a child's serried building blocks.

And in the distance is the huge complex of the vast Vishnu temple, Srirangam.

We tried to buy a Ganesh statue from the shop at the foot of the shrine, but they were priced as high as the Rock Fort. We bought a panchaloha one lower down, gazed at Clive's house,

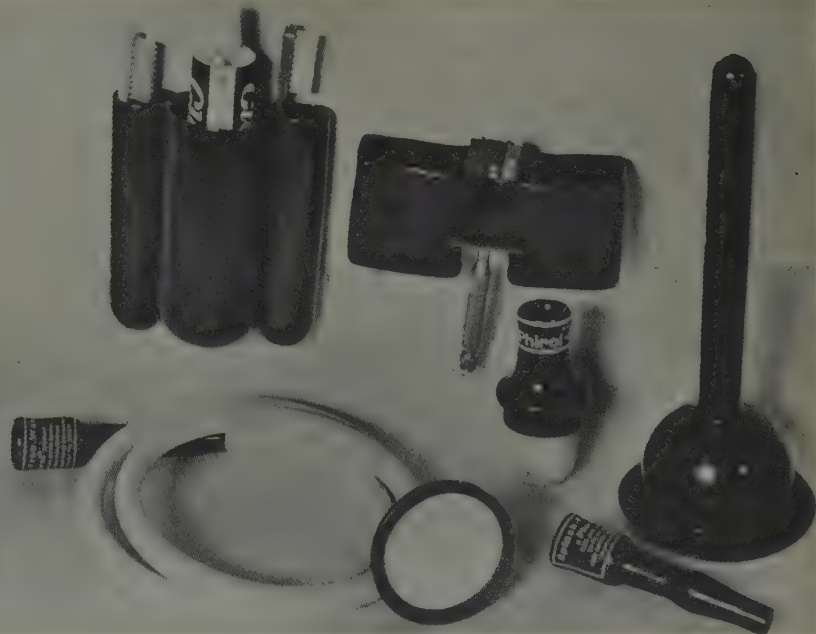
now a hostel, and then drove into the complex of Srirangam. Lord Vishnu's bisected V was painted on the walls and the guards were excessively vigilant — they objected to our brown-haired companion, claiming he wasn't a Hindu — a sort of colour bar in reverse — but our Tamil Brahmin friends rushed to his defence and all was solved with a tilak on the brown-haired executive's head. After that we wandered, gazing at a saffron-robed guru and his teen-aged disciple in a red saree at soaring gopura, at prancing horses carved from granite columns.

The long road back was brown with nostalgia. We said our goodbyes to our ten-day-old friends, exchanged addresses and gazed out of the windows in the late evening. The dark, shrine-crowned rock of St. Thomas Mount loomed out of the shadows, Thambaram twinkled its runway lights and we saw the rising, dusk-touched gold gopuram of Kapaleeswarar Temple drawing closer and closer.

And then, as night softly covered the soaring gold, pigeons flew in from far and near and coasted gently home to roost...

what's new?

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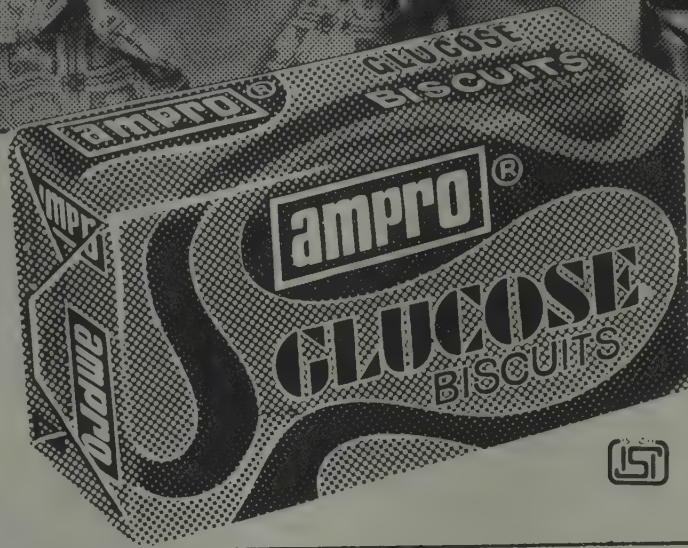
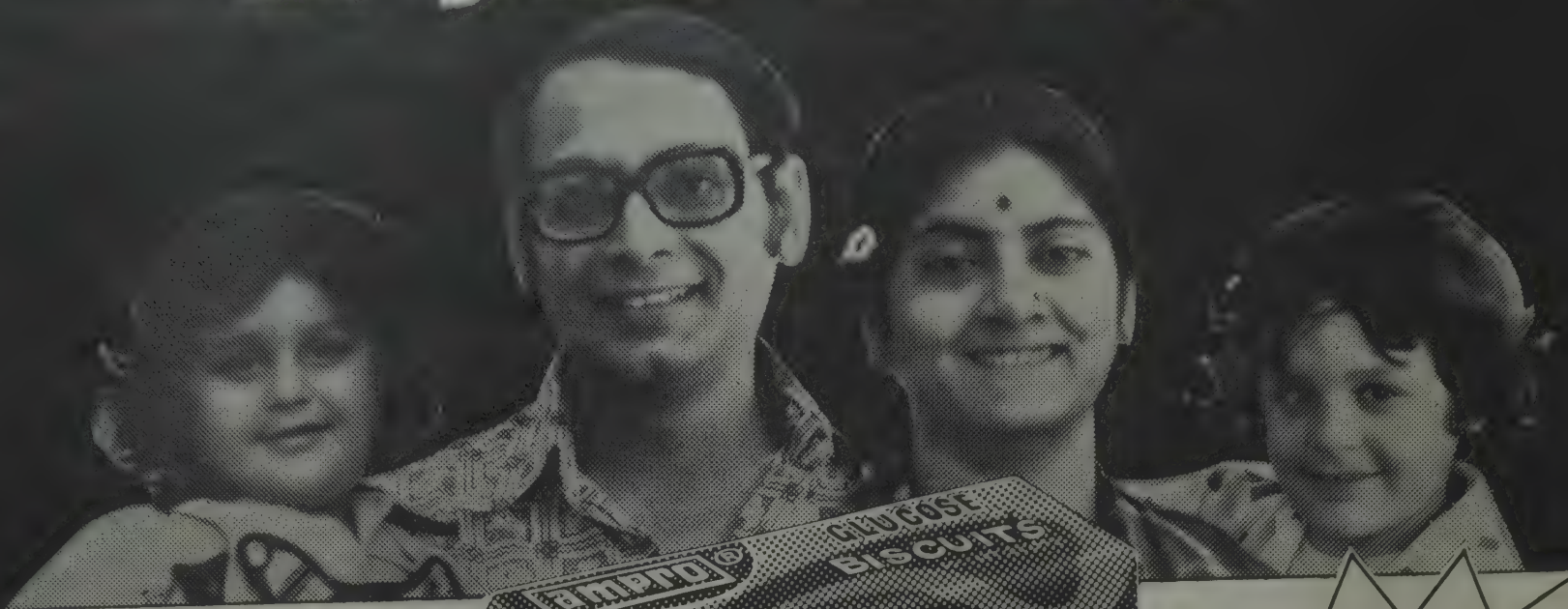


LEFT: Very new on the market is this collapsible and portable clothes dryer (could be used to dry photographic prints in the studio) manufactured by Judicraft. Also handy when travelling. Made in plastic, it has 24 pegs and occupies very little space. Price Rs. 30. Available at Akbarally's, Veer Nariman Road.



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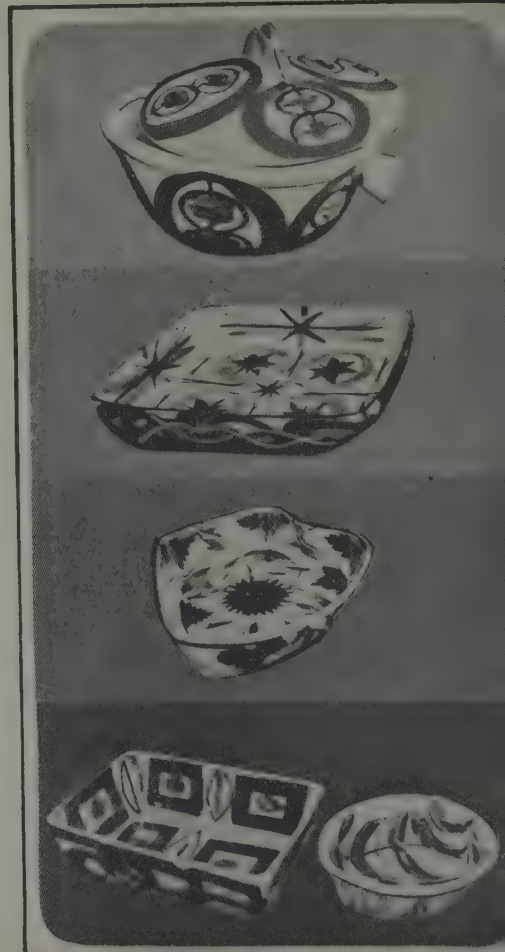
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Director, Lady Irwin College, she devised a Home Science syllabus.

From the way she recalls her experiences as Principal, you feel sure that Miss Doongaji was one of those rare principals whose love for their work and their students overflowed and spread to everyone involved in the college. For one, unlike 90 per cent of college principals today, she was not an authoritarian one.

The other remarkable thing about her was that she directed all her efforts at drawing out the creative side of her students. "I laid great stress on Arts in the college. About 65 per cent of my girls painted very well. So I converted an open space on the terrace into an art gallery where they could display their work. I also started batik printing, flower arrangement and handicraft classes." (If all this sounds old hat now, you must remember that this happened way back in the sixties in a city just beginning to grow.)

Miss Doongaji was concerned about training her traditional Chandigarh girls, most of whom came from conservative homes, domestically, socially and professionally. The syllabus included hotel management, food and nutrition, clothing and textiles and child development. The extra curricular activities she organised were designed to expose her students to as many cultural and social influences as possible in Chandigarh then. She invited Prithviraj Kapoor to inaugurate the Chandigarh branch of the INT, which she set up, and sponsored programmes of Western music and performances by the best artistes of the country. She was the first to start producing college ballets in Chandigarh — Shakuntala, Shiv Parvati, Hungry Stones.

"Academic work was very important in my college, but it was not enough. I wanted to bring the world to my students, as they couldn't travel everywhere and

see it. So I requested various embassies to put up exhibitions of their country's arts. This was done by the embassies of Korea, Thailand, Israel and Sri Lanka. And I went out of my way to invite foreign male students over to the college, so that my girls could meet them to learn how to associate with the opposite sex freely and naturally." (Something not considered worth teaching everywhere.)

Her enthusiasm was not confined only to Home Science. She mobilised her staff and formed a club which regularly invited speakers to lecture on contemporary topics. These regular discussions prevented the faculty from stagnating academically. Besides her staff, she also tried to involve the citizens of Chandigarh in social and intellectual activities, connecting them, of course, with the college, so that her students would benefit. Thus, she organised debates on the role of different professions in society, where the participants were Chandigarh's professionals themselves. She also invited members of different communities living there to help and participate in the cultural activities held by her college.

When she left Chandigarh in 1974 to take up a post in Zambia, the original strength of the college 30, had grown to 300.

Her post in Zambia was that of lecturer in Home Economics, Copperbelt Secondary Teachers' College, and lasted for three years.

"Going to Zambia and not to some European country was a good thing, because Zambia being a developing country (they became independent in 1964). I felt I was contributing in building it up."

Her contract over, Miss Doongaji travelled all over Europe before returning to India a few months back, bursting with new ideas and dying to put them into practice, "given the building and the finances. I would love to start another Home Science college, specially in a small town or new city. Now the whole structure has changed. Women have to work both outside and inside the home, and hence need to know how to best organise their budget and time, both their material and human resources. The decreasing availability of servants also makes such knowledge necessary. And with the rate of inflation being what it is, women also need to know about adequate food substitutes."

Among her new ideas are — a major home science library and an art laboratory for every Home Science college; and a museum of handicrafts where students can display and sell their creations.

Sherie Doongaji's experience and potential needs to be tapped if a progressive and modern Home Science College is to be set up. Any takers?

Devi

With V. C. Shukla as her protector, Candy rose to dizzy heights. The producers who quequed up for Shukla, gave sizzling accounts of the glimpses they got of Candy. One producer never got tired of relating to me how he saw Candy at the airport when she went to receive Shukla. This producer used to be on duty to Shukla at his arrivals, departures or passings through Bombay. Minus Shukla, Candy could only manage a wink from Sunil Dutt and an O. P. Ralhan driven car. She

CANDY: No takers after Shukla's exit

went to the races and made matters worse. "She has a tired face and khaddas under her eyes," said filmwallas. Then there is night and day difference in Candy's looks. She looks passable with shutters down at noon in her hotel suite or after sundown.

Like I. S. Johar said, 'Candy is not interested in a film career.' I don't blame her. When she can get everything a film star has without facing the arc lights and sweating it out in stuffy studios, why should she bother?

Now that Begum the second of Sultan Ahmed has proved as lucky as Begum No. 1, Shammi, Sultan is free to officially enjoy his change over. The couple is wining and dining with the political cream of Delhi.

The discarded pair, Shammi and Suresh, are also moving around (separately of course) and are not obliging folks with sob stories which is causing some film folk a lot of worry. I know of a top star pair who are now worrying over Shammi and Suresh's happy faces.

"Look at these besharam two! He, he, he, hanste they are moving around." I am glad Shammi is chamkaing in exotic silk printed sarees. These days even widows are merry, so why should the exit of a man make you wear mourning colours and a funeral look?

I only hope film folk do not boycott them because filmdom, especially the wives, are like vultures who wait for funerals, tragedies, and are only too willing to offer shoulders to sob, sob.



people and events



ABOVE: Mrs. Dulcinea Rodrigues, (right) pres. YWCA, Bombay gives Miss Eunice Anchees, gen-sec. for 29 years, a citation for dedicated service and outstanding achievement, at a farewell function.

RIGHT: To bid farewell to Mrs. and Mr. Marc Hamaoui, manager, Air-France, Bombay, Mr. Bernard Teyssier, GM, Air-France, India, gave a party in Bombay. Seen are from left: Mrs. Kettler, Mr. Bonvatten, Mrs. and Mr. Gori, then Consul-General France, Mrs. and Mr. M. Hamaoui, Mrs. and Mr. H. Caskin.



At a reception to Mr. Mohammad Almana, a Saudi philanthropist and businessman, by the Indo-Arab Society in Bombay, are seen from left Dr. Najma Heptulla, gen. sec. of the Indo-Arab Society, Mr. Mohammad Almana, Mr. H. H. Ismail and Mr. T. H. Anik, vice-presidents of the society.



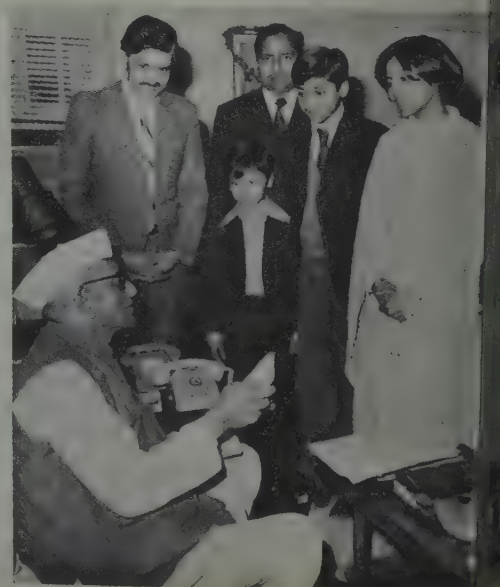
ABOVE: Mr. Shroff, Chief Warden, Civil Defence, looks on as Mrs. Avis Saxby, wife of the Dep. Commissioner of Police & Additional Controller of Civil Defence, Greater Bombay, presents certificates of appreciation to civil defence volunteers who participated in the Republic Day Parade.

RIGHT: Mrs. Tannaz Tarapore, pres., Zonta Club inaugurated the Zonta Week in Bombay. Seated from left are Mrs. Manju Shah, vice-pres., chief guest Miss Bree Galbraith, Mrs. Freney Irani, immediate past pres., Mrs. Bhanu Patel, treasurer & Mrs. B. Cama, director.



RIGHT: Samir, Rahul, Cheru and Lalit, (seen from left), children from the Modinagar Children's Club, Delhi, present a cheque to Prime Minister Morarji Desai, for the Cyclone Relief Fund.

LEFT: Padma Subrahmaniam seen after her dance performance arranged by Vaideeka Samajam in Ahmedabad, with the Governor of Gujarat, Mr. K. K. Viswanathan (right), chief guest of the function, and Mr. P. G. Mahadevan, president of the Samajam (left).



bombay

The Commander's Cross of the Order of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany was presented to Mr. Jamshed Bhabha, co-founder and Trustee-in-Charge of the National Centre for the Performing Arts, and India's representative at the International Fund for the promotion of culture of UNESCO. Dr. Dirk Oncken, Ambassador of the Federal Republic of Germany, handed over the award.

Dr. Oncken stressed the role Mr. Bhabha had played in promoting mutual friendship and understanding by his association with the Max Mueller Bhavan, Bombay and by helping to make the Homi Bhabha Auditorium a home for German music performances. It was on Mr. Bhabha's initiative that a Ludwig van Beethoven and a Max Mueller stamp were issued in this country.

The colourful exhibition of Ramon Bonus Stamps Child Art Paintings was well-attended by distinguished guests from All India Radio, the Dept. of Education and the Directorate of Cultural Affairs besides of course, many children.

More than 650 paintings were received. They exposed a rare sense of creativity in the children.

Dr. Mulk Raj Anand, who declared the exhibition open, appreciated the idea of promoting cultural activities for children, sponsored by Ramon Bonus Stamps. He felt that if held annually or even bi-annually these could blossom on the lines of Shankar's Painting Competitions.

Dr. Mulk Raj Anand declared a prize of Rs. 100 to the winners of the forthcoming painting competitions held by Ramon Bonus Stamps.

At a simple but highly impressive ceremony held at Naimgaum Police grounds last month, Mrs. Avis Saxby, wife of the Deputy Commissioner of Police and Additional Controller of Civil Defence, Greater Bombay, presented 150 successful civil defence volunteers with certificates of appreciation for participating in the Republic Day parade this year.

For the first time in the history of Civil Defence, Greater Bombay, a Women's Wing participated. The men's unit participated after a lapse of four years.

Full marks go to Mr E. W.

Saxby, Deputy Commissioner of Police and Additional Controller of Civil Defence, for training the women.

MESCO Education Society held a successful "Shab-e-ghazal" programme in aid of the proposed high school building of the society.

Mr. Hafiz Baig welcomed the audience and said that MESCO was dedicated to the cause of the most backward and weak section of society. He said that the proposed school would cater to the slum dwellers and would have a technical wing.

Speaking on the occasion Mr. Naushad Ali complimented MESCO on the work it was doing.

The Women's Friendly Showroom, belonging to the Women's Friendly Society, a charity organisation in Calcutta, are holding an exhibition and sale of their work at Cymroza Art Gallery from April 6-8, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. everyday. The items on display include satin goods, hand-embroidered linen, children's dresses, nightwear, handkerchiefs and hand-painted gifts.

The Cymroza Art gallery will be displaying something quite different on April 1 and 2. Vinita Sawhny's dry flower arrangements will be on view on these two days, from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily. This is Vinita's first solo exhibition. She has a Teacher's degree from the Sogetsu school, Tokyo.

Zonta Club of Bombay I, a social organisation of executive women in business and professions, dedicated to the improvement of the legal, political, economic and professional status of women, celebrated its Charter Anniversary last month with a dinner at the West End Hotel. The chief guest for the evening was Miss Bree Galbraith, who runs a health clinic in the USA.

The same evening, Mrs. Tannaz Tarapore, the president of the Club, inaugurated the Zonta Week which covered a special programme of activities. Besides the felicitation of Mrs. Sujata Manohar, the first Lady Judge of the Bombay High Court, and the holding of career talks by eminent women, the Club organised a picnic for the children of the League of Mercy. An important activity was the conducting of a free health check-up of about 500 children at the Municipal School of "C" Ward, Bombay, by a team of doctors.

delhi

The children of Modinagar Children's Club presented a cheque of Rs. 4376 to Mr. Morarji Desai for the Cyclone Relief Fund. The money was raised by the children by organising a fete at the Maharani Bagh Municipal Corporation grounds.

ahmedabad

Padma Subrahmaniam of Madras, a well-known exponent of dance and dance-drama, gave an impressive performance at the Jai Shankar Sundari Hall.

The dance-drama "Ramaya Thubhyam Namah" was well-choreographed and ably presented.

Petite Padma, who is considered a "constructive rebel" in the dancing world, did justice to the programme in her portrayal of different emotions. Her footwork too was excellent.

The Governor, Mr. K. K. Vishwanathan presided over the function. Mr. P. G. Mahadevan, president, Vaideeka Samajam, welcomed the gathering and outlined the activities of the Samajam. Mr. C. K. Subrahmaniam, secretary, proposed a vote of thanks.

patna

Kala Sangam, a local theatrical group, organised a five-day drama festival and seminar.

The speakers at the seminar included Mr. B. V. Karanth, "Agyaya," "Kesari", Mrs. Pratibha Agarwal, Sri Hans Kumar Tewari, Mrs. Vinita Agrawal and Mr. Satish Anand.

The plays staged on the occasion were, "Andha Yug" (Dharmvir Bharati) "Vallabhpur Ki Roopkatha" (Badal Sircar), "Singhasan Khali Hai" (Sushil Kumar Singh), "Ashad Ka Ek Din" and "Lehron Ke Rajhans" (both Mohan Rakesh). The leading artistes included Satish Anand, Shruti Shukla, Suman Kumar, Vinita Singh, Sarita Sinha and Maya Sinha. The plays were directed by Satish Anand.

In a message to Kala Sangam, Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan, its patron-in-chief, said, "The climate for cultural activities is so dull and adverse in Bihar that such an effort requires real courage."

world of eve

SAPNA CHATTERJI



Mrs. Sapna Chatterji (nee Behroze R. Balsara) is a musician of high repute.

Her repertoire is wide — she is equally good at singing ghazals, classical music and devotional songs. She can sing in various languages — Bengali, Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Punjabi, Tamil and Marwari. She has an L.P. record to her credit.

Sapna's husband, Mr. Swapan Kumar Chatterji, is also a famous musician. Both teach music at the Scindia School of Gwalior. For the last two years, they taught music in Georgetown (USA). Her husband was selected by the Indian Council Cultural Relationship for propagating music. They have also toured Hongkong and Bangkok giving music performances.

Their children aged nine and seven accompany them on the tabla and tanpura and play them very well.

KALYANI RANGA-NATHAN



Kalyani Ranganathan has been interested in different forms of art ever since her

childhood. She learnt Bharata Natyam and classical vocal music for seven years, but at present she concentrates on painting. A diploma holder in arts and crafts from Madras, Kalyani has exhibited her paintings at many national and state exhibitions. Her recent exhibitions at the Ravindra Bhavan in Delhi won the appreciation of many art lovers.

Her paintings are "simple, spontaneous and joyous," and the background of all of them is the interior of a house.

Kalyani, who is an art teacher, feels that her paintings have been inspired by child art. "The drawings made by children are so bold and so expressive. Children convey so many things and feelings through just one stroke of the brush." She feels that her training and knowledge of dance and music have enriched her style of painting, making it more expressive and meaningful.

hi ya honey!

When I first received the telephone, I was happy. My wife, of course, was beside herself with joy. I didn't know it was a status symbol until I heard her informing all those whom she didn't like that she had had a new telephone installed. Fancy cards were printed where the telephone number was shown in large, bold types. Very subtle methods were used to inform those who did not have phones. "Oh, I wish you had rung me before you came," or "Well, if you do want anything, do ring me."

The calls that went out, outnumbered those that came in. Of the latter, a very large proportion were for the ladies of the household. In fact, at one stage I'd thought of transferring the phone to her name.

As time went on, the phone—far from being useful—began to make its presence felt as a veritable nuisance. More often than not, if I rang a friend, I got an irate bloke on the other end asking me to disconnect, sometimes in a language that is not printable. Quite often, calls meant for others mysteriously came to me. "Is that Caesar's Palace?" is the usual wrong number, to which I reply: "Yes and this is Cleopatra speaking." Once, when the call came at two in the morning, I lost my temper and told the enquirer that it was not Caesar's Palace but another part of Caesar's anatomy.

So one day I decided to use my all-powerful index finger to have some fun. And why not? A lot of people, including the General Manager of the Telephone Company, have fun at my cost. The latter even makes

By an Alves called Johnnie

money in the bargain. A quick glance through the directory and I discovered that there were plenty of names of people who must be sorry they had those appendages.

A call to a Mr. Gadhve, and an enquiry if he was one, brought forth invective that would make a fisherman blush. I then dialled a Landge and politely asked if all the members of his family were lame. Someone must have asked him the question before because his voice hit the high C. "We may be lame, but none of us are mentally demented." He then banged down the phone so hard that one of its limbs must have been dislocated.

honey, he said nothing. A call to a Kale brought out a philosophical lecture on how white his heart was and how black mine must be.

Right. The Chinese give us occasional trouble, so why not? I rang up a popular Chinese Restaurant. "Harro," shouted the man at the other end. "I want to speak to the Manager." "It's not bozzible. Why you want to speak to Manager?" "I want to know if you use cat meat?" "Get off rine. Idiat!! Get off rine now."

Then I rang 199. They are supposed to assist you. "Hello, namaste. This is assistant." "Can you help me get President Carter please?" She automatically said, "Your docket number is C for... what? What did you say?" "I said, may I speak to President Carter?" "I am sorry, you'll have to ring the Ameri-

Infinite Possibilities With The Telephone!

As soon as Landge came on the line I said "Why, you cunning fox. Where have you been all these years?" "Who is speaking please?" "Don't say you don't know my voice, you cunning fox?" Then he understood. I held the phone six inches away but I heard him loud and clear. "Arre Gadhva, tula kahi kam nahi ka?" He went on. I don't know what he said but I heard him mention my mother and sister twice. Mr. Badbade really did honour to his name. He spoke twenty to the dozen but if you took away the abusive language,

can Embassy." On the second call I asked assistance to put me to the French Embassy. She put her hand on the receiver but I heard a muffled voice say "I think it's him again." They were all giggling. Then I heard a voice say, "Wait a minute, sir. I'll call the Supervisor." Imagining a big-made woman with a voice to match, I chickened out and said, "No, no, wait. Tell your Supervisor it's B for battle-axe No. 420."

They must have imagined that I had just escaped. Until the next call then.

next
week

Eve's Weekly

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THE RAILWAYS AND THE CONSUMER

With the announcement of the railway budget and the holiday season soon to begin, train services are more and more in peoples' minds.

- In an exclusive interview with Eve's Weekly, Railway Minister Dandavate talks about what the railways have to offer to the consumer.
- In a forum feature, consu-

mers voice their grievances about rail services and officials of the railways respond.

- The railways have come to the aid of Bombay commuters with electric "suburban" trains. A survey of suburban services.
- A plea to authorities and consumers to work together to promote hygiene in railway food stalls. Plus all our regular features.

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Says Vahdaiti Amroliwala
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